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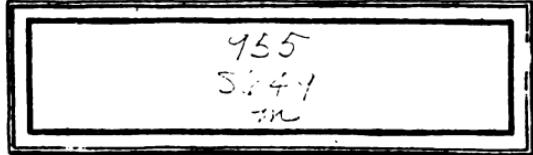
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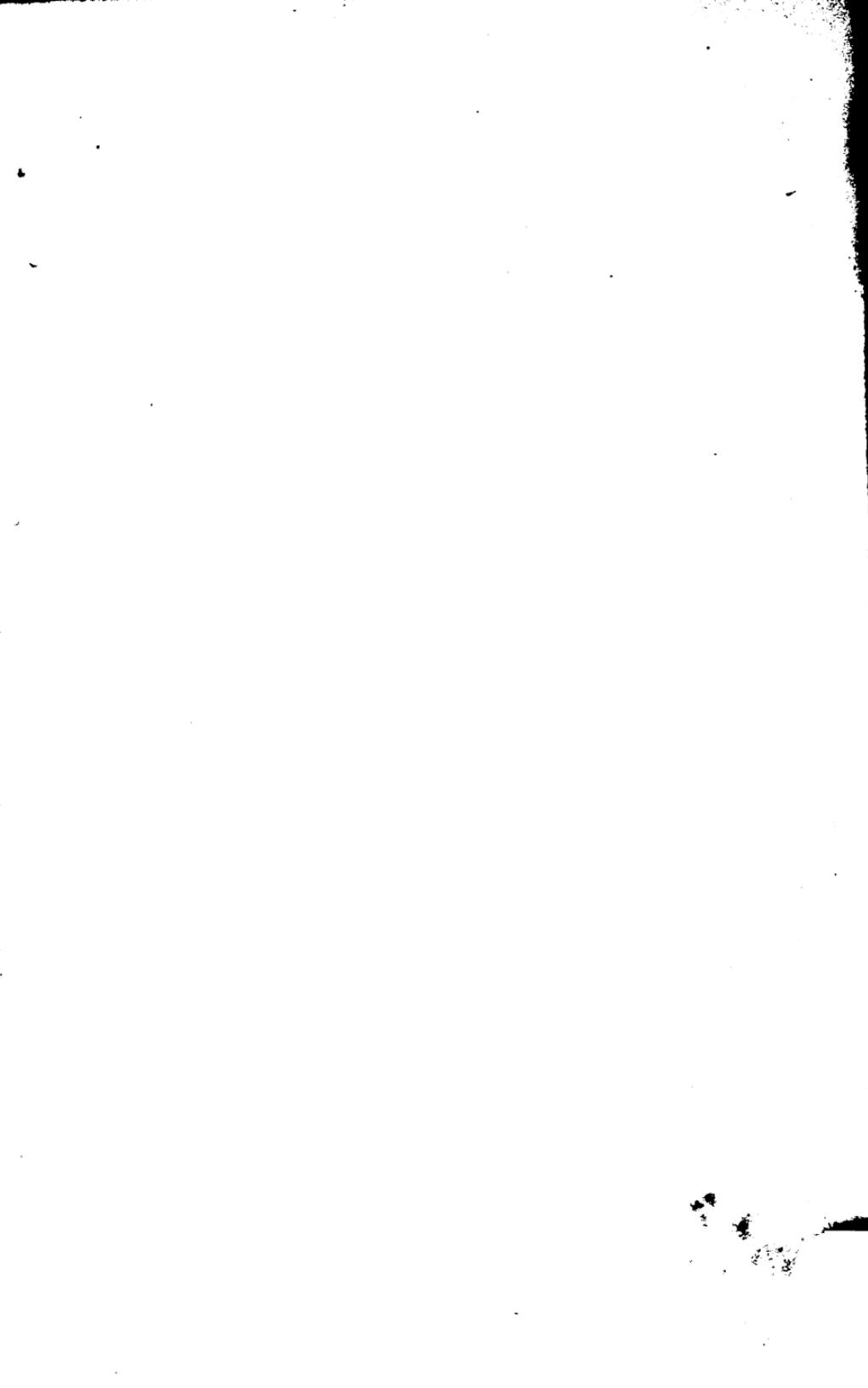
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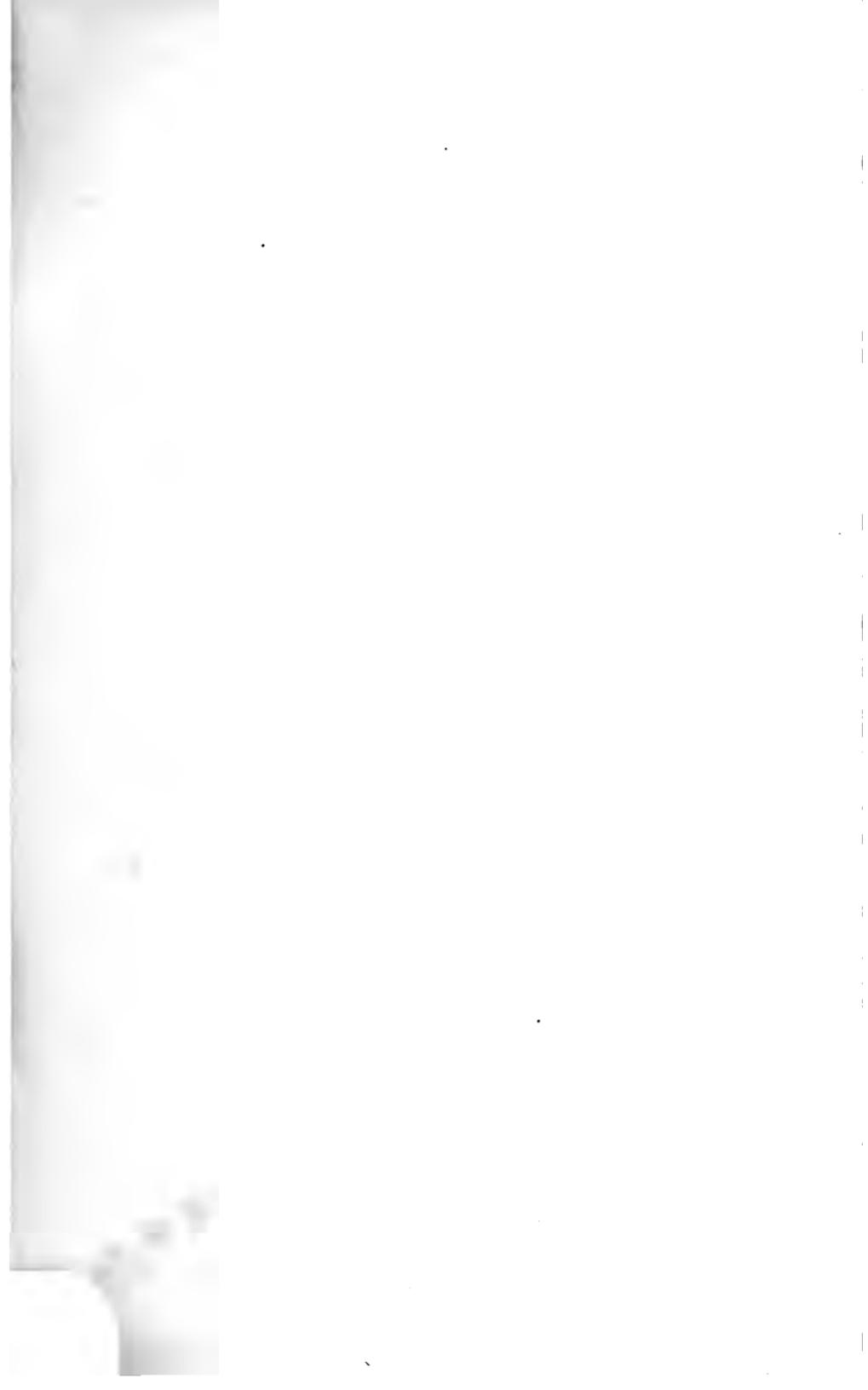
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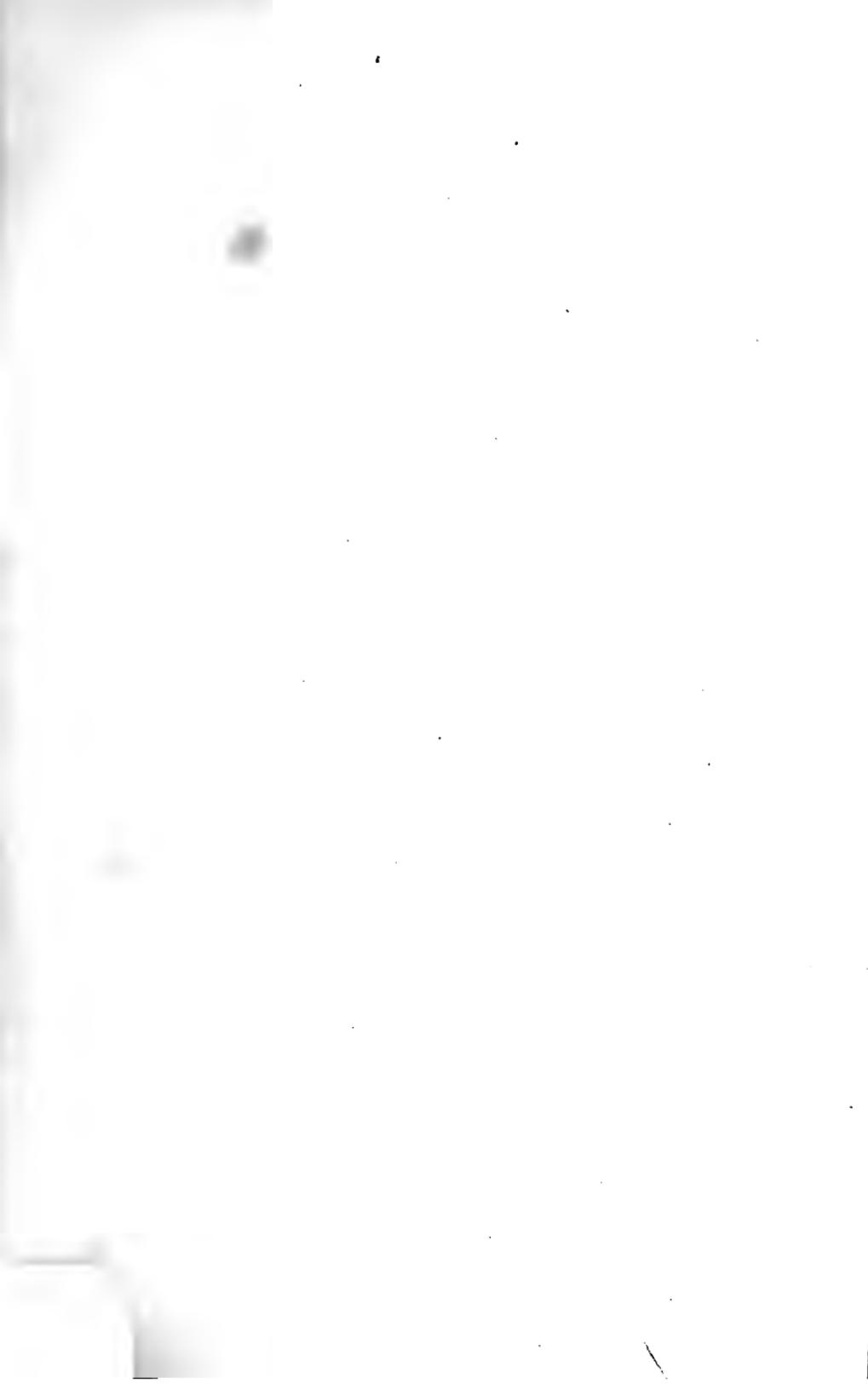




**MASSANIELLO;**

**AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.**

**VOL. II.**



THE  
MASSANIELLO; OR  
MANIA

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

EDITED BY

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AUTHOR OF "BRAMBLETYE HOUSE," ETC.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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## MASSANIELLO.

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### CHAPTER I.

Of all possible contingencies which had presented themselves to the mind of the Duke d' Arcos and his counsellors, during their many meetings, no such scene as the one now acting had been for a moment contemplated: and consequently no preparations had been made to encounter it. There were about a thousand Spanish and German guards within the palace, but without it were hundreds of thousands, raging in the

delirium of a first madness. Fear for his person had no share in the forebodings of the viceroy; at this moment, when his life was at the mercy of a people by whom his very name was held in execration, he retained his perfect self-possession, turning all his energies to combat the mischief, now that its full measure was complete; and fortunate was it that the extremity of the peril had liberated him from trembling counsellors, whose alarms and indecision paralized his own measures.

In order to remove every personal consideration from his mind, his earliest care had been to secure his family from insult, and he had accordingly before day-break sent away his duchess and her female attendants within the walls of the Castel Nuovo. With this arrangement neither command nor entreaty could prevail upon his daughter to comply. There was little time for persuasion, and before her obstinacy

could be overcome, tidings were brought to him that the drawbridge of the castle had been raised, and the communication between it and the palace interrupted.

When the first moments of alarm for her safety had passed over, it was no small comfort to the Duke d' Arcos to find himself supported by a mind, if not equal in resources, certainly equal in courage to his own. They had passed the earlier hours of the day in the cabinet of the viceroy, the scene of so many contradictory counsels, and the duke could not fail to remark, now that remedy was hopeless, how different from the fruitless recriminations, the impracticable schemes that had hitherto held him in inaction, was the calm and decisive counselling of his high-minded daughter. The window of their chamber commanded a view of the principal resort of the crowds, and from the uncertainty of their movements, and the evident unripeness of all plan

amongst them, his daughter had throughout the morning declared her belief that nothing material would take effect before night; but when at last, thundering above the confused murmurings of the mob below, came the first wild burst of universal acclamation, when the name of Massaniello was uplifted as the saviour, that of the Duke d' Arcos as the tyrant of the people, the cheek of the maiden grew pale, and her lip quivered as she turned to implore her father to seek safety in flight. The entreaty was yet upon her lip when a different cry, and another name reached them.

“ Long life to the Duke di Maddaloni, the people’s friend!” was the shout that now rung through the city.

The glance of the maiden brightened, and she looked up into her father’s face, as if to assure him of his safety. It is reported by historians that the Duke d’ Arcos was standing at the time deliberately steep-

ing a biscuit in wine, and his brow was as calm as if his glance rested upon the customary void in the square below. Both shouts had reached him, but he continued his occupation equally unaffected by either.

“Is the Duke di Maddaloni in Naples, my father?” asked the lady.

“It would seem so, Victoria,” was the cool reply of the viceroy. “He plays such part as his brother designs for him, but I pretend not to fathom the purposes of the Prince of Bisignano.”

“I would more willingly,” continued the lady, with a momentary colouring of the cheek, “have heard the name of his son thus shouted, for I should have felt that there was energy somewhere to check the people’s madness. But look out, my father,” she added, pointing towards the opening of the street of the Toledo, “whether for good or evil they come! and yonder

are plumed bonnets and horsemen, and if I mistake not, the garments of a woman."

"They come," replied the Duke d' Arcos bitterly, to "revenge a trifling wrong by trampling in the dust the remnant of a long life of honourable service; to disgrace, at the beck of as worthless a man as breathes in Christendom, a name that has ever been illustrious!"

"A name that will be illustrious as long as there lives one to bear it!" added the maiden, "but you judge them harshly, my father; take heed lest you, and not they, be playing the dark game of the Prince of Bisignano."

The riding party and the thousands that surrounded them had by this time reached the palace, and presently the increase and distinctness of the clamour gave tidings to those within its walls that its gates were assailed. The Duke d' Arcos despatched a

messenger to bid the doors be thrown open, and the guards to refrain from resistance under any circumstances. "Let our misguided subjects," he said, "have unmolested access to this very chamber, if they so desire it." The courtesy of the duke was anticipated by the impatience of the mob, and some slight encounters had ensued between them and the guards before free admission was obtained; the steps of bounding multitudes wandering in their anxious quest through the corridors and chambers of the building, gave the viceroy but a few moments' warning before his retreat was invaded.

It was a startling novelty in the ceremonious life of the Duke d' Arcos to hear the confusion of sounds that now assailed him. The slamming of doors, the repeated shouting of his name, the angry cries of disappointment which succeeded the rushing of the rioters from chamber to chamber

prepared him for insult, nay even for personal violence. As the sound of steps approached, he himself threw open the door of his cabinet, and prepared with an aspect of serene condescension, to give them welcome. The scene that first met his glance was one for which he was fully prepared. There was a rabblement of the lowest order of citizens surrounding every window, and busied in the destruction of all things. The blinds and window-frames had been already dashed to pieces, and various articles of costly furniture were passing from hand to hand till they reached the windows, and were hurled into the square and courts below. Many were delighting themselves with the pastime of tearing the rich hangings from the walls, stripping their gilt mouldings, wrenching the very doors from their hinges. But these were the occupations of the followers not the leaders of this attack. The band of Perrone had taken

possession of the arms of the palace-guard, and distributed them amongst the mob without, and then secured the various approaches of the palace. Massaniello had selected for himself the task of conference with the viceroy, and he was the first person on whom the glance of the Duke d' Arcos fell as he stepped over his threshold. Hundreds, in a costume similar to that of their leader, were at his back, and they raised a fierce shout of exultation when the object of their search was discovered.

A signal from Massaniello hushed the uproar, and he alone stepped forward, as if about to enter the chamber; before doing so, however, he paused, and called out to his followers to make way for the Duke di Maddaloni. That noble, his son, and niece were the first who were admitted, and he himself followed them. The mind of the duke was evidently made up as to the conduct he meant to pursue, and his first

act was one of profound reverence to the viceroy. The Lady Victoria d' Arcos watched this act of homage as of good augury, and the tears sprung to her eyes as he raised her hand to his lips. A cloud gathered on the brow of the young fisherman while he watched this scene, and a murmur passed from lip to lip of the furious faces which blocked up the doorway. The Duke d' Arcos, with the stately step and calm brow for which he was remarked, even above the Spanish nobles of his court, had moved to give them welcome; the unexpected homage of Maddaloni had been as grateful to him as to his daughter, and he determined to be beforehand with the young fisherman, in opening the purpose of that strange interview.

“ We have waited your coming since sun-dawn, young sir,” he said, “ feeling assured that in seeking redress for your complaints you would come to the representative of

your king, our common master and father. You are welcome ; in what can the Duke d' Arcos serve you?"

"In taking off the accursed taxes that have maddened us, Eccellenza," exclaimed Massaniello ; "in chastising those who have added mockery and insult to our trials whilst they collected them. This and much more must be done, and done promptly. We need but your grace's authority for putting a remedy to our grievances. This window looks out upon the assembly of the people; you will do well to assure them of your readiness to help them."

He stepped to the window as he spoke and threw it open. No sooner was the red cap of the young fisherman visible to the crowds, than a general shout greeted him, which the mere raising of his finger sufficed to hush to instant silence, and a smile of triumph gleamed over his features as he looked

down upon the thousands below him. He turned and beckoned the viceroy to his side. The duke without hesitation joined him, and then rose up a yell of execration and menace, a change not displeasing to Massaniello.

"To this pass have evil measures brought them," he exclaimed, "and yet they are not utterly ungovernable in their madness. Mark, Excellenza, how easily they may be ruled by those they love."

He waved his hand, and a dead silence came over the entire multitude. After a minute's pause he again raised it, and the city rocked with the instantaneous cry of "Long life to Massaniello of Amalfi."

The cheek of the Duke d' Arcos became for a moment pale and then troubled. "It would be perhaps pleasing to our people," he said, "if we were to go down into the square, and assure them of our readiness to redress their grievances."

"Be it so, be it so," exclaimed Massaniello gladly. "I wish no evil to you, my lord, nor did I come here for the vain purpose of treading upon soft carpets; as you treat this people will you be treated!"

They turned inward from the balcony to carry into effect this proposition, but then suddenly flashed upon the mind of the duke the perilous situation in which his absence would leave his daughter. Prompt as it was, the thought was interpreted and replied to.

"Fear not, sir," exclaimed the maiden, "this is no time for weakness. I have one of my own sex with me, and the Duke di Maddaloni will afford his protection to one whom he fondled in her childhood."

"She says well and nobly, my lord," exclaimed the young Prince Giulio Caraffa, who had not till now spoken. "Death before dis-honour! none would harm an unprotected

maiden. If I may venture so far I would pray permission to accompany you."

"Stop, Giulio," exclaimed his father. "I have been too long inactive. Look you to the protection of these ladies: my escort may avail the Duke d' Arcos at this moment more than my banishment."

Massaniello stamped his bare foot impatiently on the floor, and the Duke d' Arcos declaring his readiness to accompany him, they quitted the chamber, followed by those who had intruded into it.

A scene of painful embarrassment succeeded the departure of the viceroy. Scared almost beyond the comprehension of her position, Eleonora Caraffa clung to the arm of her cousin; her face was pale as death, and her countenance fell as the dark eyes of the viceroy's daughter were turned upon her. The fame of this young creature's exceeding loveliness, and the bond-

age in which her charms had held the spirit of the young Caraffa, had long been the theme of palace gossip, and it was with no small curiosity, mingled with other feelings that Victoria d' Arcos now studied the form and features that had been so much lauded. Giulio felt her arm tremble as she leaned against him, and made an effort to reassure her.

"My cousin is unknown to you, lady," he said, "though her father, the Prince of Bisignano, can scarcely be so. I have long desired the opportunity of soliciting for her your friendship, and I must now implore your protection, till her father returns to Naples."

A flush of displeasure darkened the cheek of the young man as he spoke, and a look of deep meaning, not unmixed with reproach, accompanied his words. The countenance of the maiden he addressed varied also its expression, and her lip quivered as

the full meaning of his allusion reached her.

"Your cousin shall have such protection as my mother can offer in times like these," she replied "though it would seem that the roof of the Duke di Maddaloni were a safer one from insult than ours."

"My father's roof, lady," replied the prince sorrowfully, "will, I doubt not, be in flames before another sunset. Naples has been given over to those who have risked life on the desperate hazards of rebellion ; the inheritance of its nobles have been partitioned, and I doubt not their very lives are already put to price. But these are tales unprofitable to any ears now ; unfitted, lady, for yours at any time."

"They are unprofitable, sir," replied the lady, "most unprofitable when the calamity of evil counsels has brought on that ruin, which might have been averted had not distrust, and pride, and indolence retained

in the luxury of happy homes, the few whose experience or popularity might have saved us."

A quick reply came to the lip of the youth, but at this moment the door of the chamber opened, and to the surprise of all, the Prince of Bisignano entered. A dark cloud came over the imperious countenance of the Spanish maiden, and she drew a step backward as he approached her. His brow was flurried, and as he encountered the direct glance of his nephew, he paused. The yells and screams from without quickened his purpose.

"I have entered this presence with little ceremony, lady," he said, "but the tidings from without must be my excuse. The viceroy is involved in the throng without any possibility of a return hither; evil tongues are stimulating the passions of the people to fury, and at present there is no hope but that of placing all parties in

safety. If you will accompany my daughter to her home you may remain unmolested, till you can rejoin the duchess in the fortress of the Castel Nuovo."

The Princess d' Arcos surveyed the troubled features of the speaker with the utmost scorn and incredulity.

"And where have you left my father?" she asked.

"I assisted his grace into a carriage," he replied, "and by tossing handfuls of money amongst the mob, he secured a passage through them, and has taken refuge within the sanctuary of St. Louis. I have dispatched trusty messengers to the cardinal, and I doubt not that he will be enabled to get within the walls of St. Ermo, and thence at nightfall to the Castel Nuovo."

Giulio Caraffa had remained a mute though a most anxious spectator of this brief scene: when he raised his eyes to the face of the lady, he perceived them fixed

upon him in doubt ; the look that replied to this appeal instantly decided her.

“Let me not delay your daughter’s going hence, my lord,” she said, “you have my thanks for your courtesy in my behalf, but in plain words I will not accompany you.”

Giulio scarcely aware of his motive, drew nearer to the side of the speaker, and the Prince of Bisignano turned from her to him with a look of passion which needed no interpretation.

“Your grace is the best judge in matters relating to the delicacy of conduct most fitting under the circumstances to pursue,” he said, “but I may warn you that the passages of this palace are as open as the public streets ; hundreds, nay thousands of the rabblement are still prowling about them, every article of furniture has been either utterly destroyed or tossed into the square, and I know not where you are to find protection if you linger here.”

He then turned to lead his daughter from the chamber. Utterly bewildered by the scenes she had witnessed, Eleonora was pale and trembling, and when her father prepared to lead her away, she raised her hands to her eyes seemingly unconscious of his meaning. Giulio Caraffa drew near and whispered to her a few words which reached no one beyond her. She started, looked wildly into his countenance, shook away her tears, and without uttering a word took her father's arm. The Prince of Bisignano yet paused, and after a moment's musing held out his hand to his nephew, and muttered, in low tones, sorrow that his motives should have been misunderstood.

"These are times that show all of us the wisdom of family union," he said, "I would rather be your friend, Giulio, than your enemy: you have had good time to make your choice, and now that circumstances have hurried it, be wise and choose well."

A laugh of bitter derision was the only answer that he received, and he departed. The door closed upon his retreat and then Giulio Caraffa approached the Princess d' Arcos with more frankness than he had yet used, for it was manifest that in refusing the asylum that had been offered to her, she had thrown herself on his protection. They had been playfellows in childhood, had long shared the same roof, had trodden together the picturesque solitudes of the home he had just left, and had been separated only when political differences placed feud between their parents. Had their meeting been under ordinary circumstances, the haughty nature of both might have made it the cause of further breach between their families ; but with a furious populace raging about them, and the uncertainty how long their retreat might be safe from insult, the memories of their childhood warmed the hearts of both. Victoria offered him her

hand as he approached her, and the confidence of other days was restored.

“Lady!” he said, “you will do well to fly whilst time is left you. I know that man well, and every foul scheme that his evil genius harbours! Believe me, if we linger many minutes longer, safety will be beyond our power.”

“As God is my judge,” replied the princess, “I believe that wicked man to be the chief plotter of all this ruin. I am without help, and my conduct will become the subject of his slander.”

“Think not of him, lady,” replied the youth, “you must fly. Surely I hear the sound of coming steps. He and his instruments have little scruple!”

The quick ear of Giulio had not deceived him, the dull sound of naked feet upon the stairs and anterooms came each moment nearer.

“I will remain if it so please you,” he ex-

claimed hurriedly, "but in God's name, Victoria, fly, fly, for they are upon us."

Thus saying he sprung to secure the doorway, but his companion laid her hand upon his arm. Her face was pale and agitated, and her whole frame trembled ; she looked up into his face and the sound scarcely passed her lips as she said,

"Come you with me, Giulio ! your life is sought and ceded !"

When the rioters burst their way into that chamber it was deserted ; the whole palace was ransacked, the utter demolition of all that it contained was completed, but the flight of the Princess d' Arcos was effected.

## CHAPTER II.

No sooner had the viceroy appeared amongst the people in the square of the palace than imprecations of the most awful character assailed him. Surrounded, jostled, pushed hither and thither ; his voice became inaudible from the uproar, and he found himself hemmed in amongst the throng with little power either to advance or to retreat. It was in vain that he declared his willingness to satisfy their wishes to the utmost, instantly to repeal the taxes, to forget the past, to give up unpopular counsellors.

He was unlistened to, or answered with insult and maledictions. With infinite exertions he was at last enabled once more to push his way back into the court of the palace, and finding there by chance a carriage in waiting he leaped into it, and bade the driver force his way through the multitudes. This attempt was more perilous than the former, the carriage was surrounded, numbers climbed about it, and it was only by the resource of showering gold by handfuls amongst the crowd, that he was enabled to free himself from the fierce brows that glared into the vehicle. The carriage after being long swayed forwards and backwards, was at last enabled to quicken its pace, and finally by urging the horses to their utmost speed, to reach the church of St. Louis, and take refuge within the convent attached to it, belonging to the minims of St. Francis of Paul. Thither the mob followed him, the

convent was attacked, and the rioters became more furious than ever.

It chanced that in the assault one of the populace was fired upon and slain. This was the first blood shed, and it occasioned a quick transition to the after scenes of this celebrated drama. The man, habited in the garb of a fisherman was lifted up, placed upon a few rude planks, and paraded on the shoulders of the populace through every quarter of the city. When the assault was the fiercest at the convent of St. Louis, matters assumed a momentary pause, in consequence of the arrival of the Cardinal Filomarino, archbishop of Naples, whose benevolence, and fearless spirit, were well known to all men. He appeared amongst the crowd in his costume of the altar, and a passage was respectfully made for him. The corpse of the slain fisherman was brought and laid before him, and men im-

plored him, with tears in their eyes, to grant them vengeance.

" You have been treated harshly, my children," exclaimed the ecclesiastic, " and you shall have redress. Carry this poor man into the church, and we will ourselves give him the burial of a Christian. What seek you from the viceroy ?"

" The taxes ! the taxes !" was the universal shout.

" You shall be relieved from them," said the prelate; " but stand back," he said, lowering his voice, and addressing himself to those who had recommenced the attack on the doors of the monastery. " If you thus impiously profane God's temples, God's vengeance will pursue you."

The multitude fell back, the cardinal was admitted within the building, and the doors closed behind him. He lingered there longer than pleased the rioters, and they were about to resume the assault, when he

reappeared with a scroll of parchment in his hand, which contained, as he informed them, the concessions obtained from the viceroy. He invited the people to accompany him to the market-place of the Carmine, where it should be read aloud. The escape of the duke was for the while forgotten, and the mob bounded away with yells and vivas whither the prelate had directed them.

Night had by this time come over the city, and darkness added to the confusion that reigned every where. Unsuspicious of any design on the part of the cardinal to facilitate the escape of the Duke d'Arcos, the multitudes were already in full speed towards the market-place. Thousands lingered about the carriage of the ecclesiastic, accompanying its progress with loud vivas, and aiding his simple stratagem by the tardy pace which they compelled it to adopt. A formidable spectacle awaited the eyes of the

cardinal on the spot which he had himself selected as remote from the church of St. Louis, and attractive to his dangerous companions. Massaniello had long since separated himself from the crowds that besieged the viceroy; the first blow had been struck, and his presence was needed elsewhere. His first order, on arriving at the square of the Carmine, the chief scene of this revolt in all its stages, was to set fire to the building appropriated for the receipt of the customs; to bring out the registries, and burn them in the market-place: and gladly were these orders executed! The torch thus called in to aid the other elements of demolition began its office, and proved the promptest minister of the many that were employed.

There was much policy in this order, for the gloomy aspect of a dull square would have ill corresponded with the enthusiasm needed for the work that remained to be

done. Massaniello stood by till the flames shot up above the roof of the condemned building, and then retired to hold council for the morrow. When the flames were at the highest, the throng that escorted the cardinal made their entry into the square. No particle of the respect of the populace for the person of this venerable old man was diminished, but as the revolt proceeded, their demands also increased, till at last few amongst them knew the exact object of their wishes. The whole square was brightly illumined by the blazing buildings, and when the cardinal arrived a thousand torches were lighted to enable him to read the document which he bore with him. He advanced to the portico of the church of the Carmine, and then paused.

It was a striking and solemn spectacle to behold that old man on such a mission, and surrounded by such an audience. The wild fierce faces that glared upon him, the fitful

flashing of the ruddy light from the blazing buildings, the crackling of the timbers, the uncontrollable bursts of exultation that cheered on the flames to their office, and above all the singular crisis at which the contest had arrived, presented a combination which made that perhaps the most imposing period of the revolt.

After a few words imploring patience, the cardinal unfolded his parchment, and began its perusal. The promises it contained were fair, and if promulgated a day earlier might have averted all the calamities that followed ; but at that moment they fell short of the excited pretensions of his auditors. A cry was raised, that they were informal and unsigned by the collateral counsel, without which they were of no avail : to this succeeded a voice demanding the charter of Charles V. a total abolition of all taxes, and equality of votes in the senate for the representative of the people with those of

the nobles. The voice of the cardinal was drowned in clamour, a few isolated cries accused him of deluding them, and emissaries passing through the crowds urged them to turn back to the convent of St. Louis, to secure the person of the viceroy, and bring him to answer for himself before the tribunal of the people. In a few minutes the square was comparatively abandoned, and the multitudes bounded away on their return to the monastery which they had so unwisely quitted.

The interim afforded by the sagacity of the cardinal for the escape of the Duke d' Arcos had not been idly wasted by that nobleman: two or three individuals who felt their security to be in equal jeopardy, from the share they had had in his councils, had already joined his retreat. They were generally persons from whose resources or courage little was to be hoped and nothing was gained; but fortunately for the Duke

Duke d' Arcos there was one amongst them who, though scarcely interested in the contest, brought energy and promptitude to his aid. Much to his surprise this person was the young Prince Giulio Caraffa. The first words he uttered to the ear of the viceroy carried comfort and fresh courage to his heart.

"Your grace must fly hence," he exclaimed, "for the populace will scarcely tarry to hear out the perusal of parchments, now that the torch has begun its work; and believe me there is no such want of cunning in their madness as I have heard asserted: you will find a ladder in the garden of the Frati, and a chair beyond the wall, and by using speed you may with little peril secure your retreat to the heights of St. Ermo."

"We shall starve there, my good friend," replied the duke, "there are neither arms, ammunition, nor provisions!"

"Better starve there for a few hours," replied the youth, "than perish here, the re-

treat to the Castel Nuovo is utterly cut off. It was with infinite risk that the Lady Victoria could obtain approach or admittance when at its draw-bridge."

No further objection was offered; the duke and his few attendants entered the garden, ascended its wall, and stood in darkness in the open streets. The shouts of the multitude were still remote, the duke entered the chair prepared for him, but after advancing a few paces up one of the narrow steep lanes leading to the fortress, his weight was found inconsistent with the speed so much needed, he descended and hurried onwards with what haste he could. Each time he paused, the shouts appeared to approach him. The ruddy light of the blazing houses hung like a cloud above the Carmine, and added little inducement to delay. He gained the terrace of the fortress before the waving of torches in various directions of the city showed him that his previous re-

treat was again assailed, and that some building in its immediate neighbourhood had been set on fire.

For several hours of that eventful night the Duke d' Arcos and his companions kept their melancholy watch from that height, looking down through the darkness into the busy city at their feet. About two hours after midnight the same party, under the guidance of the young Caraffa, ventured down towards the Castel Nuovo, and after incurring no trifling risks, were received within its walls.

### CHAPTER III.

It was to a small and dingy shed, used in peaceful times as a fish-stall, that the leaders of this famous revolt, the only individuals who had had any part in preconcerting it and directing its early operations, retired about an hour after midnight to exult over the unquestioned success of that first day of licence, and to take counsel for the morrow. The chamber itself has been called by historians "a cavern," and though the phrase sounds strangely when applied to a building in the very heart of a populous city, it would seem fully to have merited

the appellation. It was without door or window, offering a broad low arch open to the street along its entire front. Its walls were as black as its earthen floor. It contained two long benches and a rude table, around which met the strange arbiters of the destinies of Naples.

The space in front of this cavern was guarded by armed men so jealously that the chambers of the viceroy's privacy were not more unapproachable. Each individual of that secret conclave had seated himself, according to the grade he aspired to, in the infant commonwealth. Massaniello, the young fisherman, was at the head of the table ; on his right hand, still habited in his priest's costume, sat Giulio Genuino ; on his left, Marco Vitale, the late secretary of the Duke di Maddaloni : Domenico Perrone, the bandit, occupied the place next to him ; and Salvator Rosa, uninfluenced by the enthusiasm that has been received by posterity as an excuse for the others, and with

a genius that should have rescued him from such associates, placed himself by the side of Genuino.

No time was wasted in the formalities of salutation, none in punctilio preliminary. Massaniello was in high spirits ; the patient expectancy that had marked his features till that day, the calm pensive musing over the wrongs of his fellow citizens, and the means of terminating them were fled : his eye flashed, his lips quivered, his pulses beat in tumult, and every limb was agitated with a painful restlessness. The keen eye of Genuino watched him, and marked with a feeling of some misgiving, the excitement, and the imperious mien which for the first time attracted his observation in one to whom so much was about to be entrusted.

“ It is well begun ! ” exclaimed the young fisherman triumphantly, “ and by our lady it shall be as well finished ! Hark to the honest voices that proclaim our freedom ! I have

heard words like these often times before now, but they have been whispered over the lonely waters of the bay in the caverns of Posilippo, or behind the rocks and creeks of Procida and Capri ; but never, save in my dreams, have I heard them thus joyously and boldly ; what say you, father, have we kept our word, have we reckoned idly on the fishermen of Naples, Castellamare, and Amalfi ?"

"They have begun nobly," replied Genuino, with his customary calm tone and contemptuous sneer. "They have screamed and shouted as well befits lungs trained in the market-place of the Carmine ! What else they may do, remains for the morrow to shew us ! Two hundred thousand men, with twenty carlines' worth of bullrushes, may well avail to work our freedom."

"They have shouted the viceroy from his palace," replied Massaniello impetuously, "they have shouted the German and

Spanish troops into hiding places, and the bullrushes may yet serve to fire the city. They are a good and brave people, what would you have us do with them?"

"Arm them," replied Genuino calmly, "arm them, and provide food for their hunger for the morrow. Are there no muskets, think you, hid away in the shops of the followers of the nobles, no meal in the cellars of the government purveyors? Are there neither swords nor daggers, nor powder? or are we to wage war against the nobles and their retainers, to attack and capture the fortresses without them? Are we to leave the prisons groaning with victims, till the mere brawling of liberty shakes their very cages into ruins? Are the records of each man's debts, each man's means of endurance of taxation to be left sacred? Are the palaces of the nobles and the treasure they contain, wrung from the very blood of the people, to remain untouched?

Are the Duke d' Arcos and his dainty counsellors to rest unmolested in the Castel Nuovo, till supplies come from Spain or Tuscany to their relief? All these things must be thought of, my young friend, or believe me, before many days, nay many hours are over, your head and mine will decorate some fanciful platform in this square."

"All these things have been thought of," replied Vitale, "but it remains to be decided whether we shall work out our freedom unaided, or seek alliance on fair terms from any of the nobles who have spoken hitherto like the people's friends."

"Don Tiberio Caraffa is a false and foul traitor," exclaimed Genuino, interrupting him. "He covets his brother's heritage, and would barter a whole people for a sop to his avarice! Death to the nobles! for I know them well! Death to the Duca d' Arcos! and perish every palace that holds

one of that proud and false order beneath its roof!"

The words of the old man fell gratingly upon the ears of most of the members of the assembly. Perrone alone smiled consent to the proposal.

"Death to those who deserve death!" replied Massaniello, with much solemnity, "but I will not be driven to the shedding of blood for the purposes of ancient vengeance. We have all suffered, and the blood of every noble in Naples would not give us back our children who have perished from famine. Let this be well understood amongst us! I have sworn to repeal the taxes that have sucked our blood: this will I do, and do fearlessly; but woe to him who shall turn my old friends and comrades into murderers!"

The rebuke fell pointedly upon the suggestion of Genuino, and a silence of some moments followed it. The supremacy thus

suddenly assumed by the young fisherman was unauthorised by any previous concert amongst themselves, or any distinct proclamation of the multitudes. Yet at that moment there was found no one amongst his associates prepared to question it. Salvator Rosa, whose share in these proceedings was throughout actuated by a general discontent with the world, and disgust at the supremacy of individuals of his own profession in court favour, looked calmly on these early scenes of the revolt without deeply interesting himself in their consequences. He had, however, penetration enough to perceive that the old intriguer had designs carefully screened from the eyes of his associates, that the robber distrusted, and perchance suspected, the good faith of Genuino; and whilst he knew the spirit of the young fisherman to be without guile, he stood not a little in awe of him. The mysterious and impenetrable brow of Marco Vitale was not

so easy to read. He was employed in studying the countenances around him, and looking into the dark souls of his companions. The few words uttered by Massaniello, and the silence that succeeded them, had laid all bare before him, and from that moment every art and suggestion of his associates were traced to their true motives.

This silence was not without its effect on the mind of Massaniello; his brow had been hitherto joyous though excited. One of the few glimpses of his real position was opened to him at that moment, and with it came promptly to his mind all the energy for which he was celebrated.

"Perrone," he said, with a tone of decision, "we learn that within the campanile of S. Lorenzo Maggiore there are ten pieces of artillery, besides a sufficiency of muskets and munitions of war; these we must have! Will you, with your men, undertake to secure them before sun dawn to-morrow?"

"Willingly," replied the bandit, "if I am to manage the matter my own way!"

"Manage it as you will," replied Massaniello, "but look well to it; we must have no repulse thus early. Write down, Marco, that our friend Perrone answers with his head for the capture of St. Lorenzo! There are men, enemies of the people, who must be punished: this I will myself look to. Marco Vitale will keep reckoning with the nobles, and undertakes to find bread at a cost within all men's purchase. And so much for this night's meeting: those who need rest may take it."

He then turned his glance, lighted up with a sudden flash of the joy of other days, upon the face of Salvator.

"Our day's work has been a glad one," he resumed, "and we may surely snatch one hour from grave counsels; the night is yet young, and we must either muse or sleep. Finish, I pray you, the tale we lis-

tened to on the mole but a week since; men wept; they would have given you money, but alas! tears were the only treasures that the Duke d' Arcos had left us; I can laugh now, we can all laugh, let the nobles look to it! How fared it with the fisherman's daughter of Amalfi?"

As if influenced by the same extraordinary levity which caused this strange transition in the feelings of Massaniello, the young artist flung aside the gloom that had crept over him, and assumed the alacrity of a school-boy. To one who had harangued an audience of fishermen on the mole, of children and all mixed rabblement in the market-place, it was not likely to be a matter of much moment who listened to, or who laughed at his sallies; and in fact throughout the most prosperous periods of his career no audience so much delighted or inspired him, none so well appreciated the extravagance of his gesticulation, the spirit

of his buffoonery, or the dialect in which it was uttered, as the young fervid lazzaroni of the bay, like Massaniello. No extant works of this eccentric genius can convey to the reader any idea of the nature of these exhibitions; the nearest resemblance to the performances of Salvator, the reader may probably witness in the scenes enacting on the Mole of Naples, and the Lago di Castello to this day.

Let us not be hastily accused of holding up to unmerited ridicule the conduct of a great man, on an occasion that would seem to claim a far other pastime than puerile merriment! — & This singular trait, so illustrative of the character of the chief mover of this revolt, and of the spirit of the times, is matter of history. Salvator, not sorry to escape from the contemplation of terrors which the scenes of that night had conjured up around him, readily fell into the humour of Massaniello, who springing from his seat, and

pushing back the benches of his companions, offered him their council-table for a stage; and with every demonstration of eager entreaty, prayed for the repetition of such scenes as had struck his fancy.

"We have heard," he said, "of the orgies of the Piazza Navona, the rouqueries of Coviello, and of Formica, let us hear those passages that entertained the Romans!"

And then amidst the plaudits of that strange audience did Salvator recite, in the dialect that he and they best relished and understood, the scenes on which the little fame he had yet gained was founded. The boyish merriment of Massaniello was waked again, the scenes of that day, the plans for the morrow, were alike forgotten, and the crazy rafters of that wretched hovel rung with the boisterous peals of his laughter, and the exclamations of his wonder and delight. The mood of the artist warmed as it always did with applause so sincere

and clamorous, and he poured out with every variation of tone and gesture his untiring string of marvellous fiction, sometimes in verse, mingling his keen and polished satire with the coarsest and grossest ribaldry; at others, in impassioned dialogue; now bursting into song, and now vociferating in dialogues of fierce and deafening wrangling.

No pen can describe the childish raptures of Massaniello during the time these scenes lasted, as none can accurately portray the contrasting elements of his peculiar mind. Even the guarded and taciturn temperament of Vitale was surprised into a temporary forgetfulness by this display; and the congeniality of tastes which produced such ecstacies of reciprocal enthusiasm that they at times threw themselves on each other's necks in uncontrollable emotion, was not lost on the watchful eye of Genuino. A smile expressive as much of amusement

as of derision, would now and then steal over his haggard countenance; but his glance was seldom removed from the features of Perrone, the only one present whose stern countenance remained unmoved. The night was far advanced before the mind of Massaniello was recalled to the pursuits of a new day.

## CHAPTER IV.

Not many houses removed from the cavern, pointed out to posterity as the scene of the orgies just related, was a wretched hovel whose exterior has already been described. Nothing more utterly miserable than the two chambers of which this tenement consisted could be conceived. They resembled in the character of their furniture the abodes we described at Amalfi: they differed from them however in their distribution, for instead of consisting of but one story, and containing two rooms on the level of the street, they were formed of an upper and a lower floor.

On the first night of the revolt, whilst Massaniello was forgetting the whole world and his own share of heart-breaking, and was giving out peal after peal of as joyous laughter as if he had been conveyed back for the time to the days of his childhood, there was watching within the walls of this squalid hovel a young female with tears upon her pale cheeks. A small lamp burned in the chamber, and every breath of the night breeze waved it. Her sole occupation was to listen and to weep. Every sound that came in gusts from the distant parts of the city startled her, at every step that approached her dwelling she would spring up trembling, and as it passed her door, fall back into her seat, and bend down her head as if her heart were chilled and withered.

This solitary watcher was beautiful though her form had not escaped the contribution which taxes had levied, even to

famine. The genial heat of a July sun was in the air, but misery had chilled her, her own garments were scanty and tattered, and she had spread about her for additional warmth a fisherman's capote, over which her long hair fell in masses. Thus had she beguiled hour after hour of that long and fearful night, till nature was wearied out at last, and folding her arms upon the table before her, she bent down her head, and wept herself to sleep. Her very sleep was broken by starts, and dreamings and subdued moaning. Such was the piteous change that had come over the face and heart of Ursula, the wife of Massaniello, since her vintage of love in the valley of La Cava.

It wanted about an hour to dawn when the step so long, so anxiously listened for, came at last. It was a light, quick step from a foot bare like her own; the latch was lifted, and she still slept when Massaniello entered his most wretched home. He paused

when his eager glance fell upon her, then moved silently as thought to her side, bent over her, and after a moment's contemplation the tears sprung to his eyes, and fell freely from his cheek. By some unaccountable power of perception, whose operation all at times acknowledge, though its source remains inscrutable, the spirit of that young creature became aware of the presence of the being so much loved, for though Massaniello stood immovable, scarcely breathing lest he should disturb her rest, she awoke, and at once lifted her glance to his countenance, without any start or surprise at seeing him, though the bounding of her heart, the rapid colouring and paling of her cheek told the emotion caused by his presence.

"Did I sleep, dearest?" she said, and her tears accompanied the self-rebuke as her apology, "did I sleep when you were away? God knows I have watched and wept till I

thought there was little fear of my slumbering! Oh, beloved one, it was in an evil hour that we quitted our poor dwelling on the waters of Amalfi ; till that day we knew no sorrow, and since then how few moments have our eyes been without weeping."

Massaniello wound his arms about her, and pressed her to his bosom. "We will rejoice again, dear one," he replied; "there are moments even now when I am cheerful and happy. These hours of loneliness and sorrow shall be repaid to you with years of peace; the famine that now withers us shall be succeeded by such plenty as is needful for contentment; and the praises of a whole people shall wipe out the ignominy of your imprisonment! Did they tear thee from thy husband's home and heart, and throw such as thou art amongst thieves and the scourings of this impure city? As there

is a just God in the heavens above us, they shall bewail it bitterly!"

The variable mood of the speaker whilst under the influence of this sudden recollection, had passed from the extreme of gentle melancholy, to an excess of fury; he struck his hand upon the table, and looked around him as if his multitudes awaited, as they did but a day later, for his word, nay for the simplest sign to effect his wishes.

"Oh would to God, dear husband," answered that mild and patient sufferer, "that our proud rulers would as readily pardon thee what has been done this night, as I pardon them the outrage that affected me, only as it wounded thee, and kept thee from me! What have you done, my beloved one? The whole city rocks with the shouts and curses of the multitudes, and how can you, a poor fisherman, control their madness?"

"As easily as the sweet voice of my gentle Ursula can control me, dear one," replied Massaniello with a smile. "They are not mad, though their rulers strove hard and long to make them so. But mad or sane, thy Massaniello, poor fisherman as he is, can and will govern them. They are honest, and appeased with common justice."

"Oh believe it not, my husband!" she replied, "you are yourself too confiding, too honest for the associates you have in this work. Though I am but a feeble woman, and little used to search into the characters of others, I can see that they are not true friends who are engaged with you. Do you think Genuino is a friend? that Perrone the robber is a friend? Believe me, Massaniello, the one would sell you, the other murder you, the first minute they judge meet for their purpose. They may fear your impetuosity, but

mark well my words, one or both, will betray you."

A dark cloud settled for some minutes on the frank brow of Massaniello. "It may be so, Ursula," he replied after a while, "but let them deal sharply and surely if they try it. Many heads must fall if mine falls, and what would it avail them? Thy caution, however, shall not be lost. Is Marco Vitale, too, disloyal, thinkest thou?"

"I know him not," replied the wife, "and I like him not. Has he not turned his heel against the master that reared him and nurtured him? Why should he not turn against you? How does he speak of the young Prince Caraffa, whose bounty rescued me from prison? In truth, dear one, I like none of them. The poor painter whose merry tales amused us on the mole, to whose music we danced on the sea-beach on our marriage-day, is the only one I trust, and he, methinks, can avail little in times of

strife. Him I like, for the many times he has caused thy joyous laugh to make thy wife's heart happy. Oh! how much more willingly would I toil and starve than see thee busied as thou now art!"

"Go to thy bed, beloved one," replied her husband. "I will sit beside thee, for I need an hour's rest before the sun rises; before night to-morrow thy silly fears shall have ceased!"

"I dare not seek my rest," she replied, "for my brain reels, and my blood feels heavy within my veins, I should sleep, and thou wouldest leave me."

It was with great reluctance, and after much entreaty that Ursula was prevailed upon to throw herself upon her couch; even then she held the hand of her husband firmly clasped. As he had foreseen, this poor creature, worn out with sorrow and watching, did fall into a deep sleep. Massaniello listened to her heavy breathing, to

the words that crept in whispers over her lips; they were prayers to the Virgin for his safety. He bent again and again over her, and at last disengaged his hand from her grasp. He then drew from his bare neck a small scapulary with a metal image of the Virgin appended to it, raised it reverently to his lips, and fell upon his knees to pray. The ominous warning of his wife oppressed him ; he felt that she had penetrated more deeply than he had done the characters of his associates, that in the entire city he had no friend but her ; that there was no honesty in his companions ; that from that hour his life would be set at a price ; and he prayed long and fervently.

Let the reader pardon us if we linger on these early passages in the eventful career of this singular man :—in twelve hours from this time much of his character was altered ; the joyous spirit of his former life was stamped out ; and a fearful demon was

waked within him which made him at once the compassion and the terror of all who best loved him. Light was in the heavens before he rose from his knees; with one last glance to the troubled features of his young wife who yet slept, he stole from the cottage, and went whither the destinies of a whole kingdom led him.

## CHAPTER V.

How actively the few hours were employed that elapsed between Massaniello's quitting his home, and the bursting of the dawn of the second day's revolt over Naples, we shall shortly have occasion to show. In the mean time we would crave the reader's notice to the interior of one of those sumptuous edifices which form the princely street of the Chiaja, and which bore every indication of being the residence of an influential member of the most luxurious aristocracy of Europe. Like most of those which

formed the continuation of that noble street, the building had many of the features of a military stronghold, strikingly and not ungracefully blended with the milder characteristics of a sumptuous home. Its portals were of vast size and strength ; the windows of its ground floors were barricaded with gratings of iron ; it was pierced with loop holes which commanded every approach ; whilst, pleasingly contrasting with this aspect of general watchfulness, were many features of elegance and taste.

The structure receded in its upper stories from the extended basis covered by its ground-floor, showing vast ranges of terraces covered with plants and shrubs, which in many instances drooped over the battlemented parapets. On to these terraces the windows of the various apartments opened, affording to the inmates of the palace a lengthened walk and the prospect of the

blue waters of the bay, and the exquisite scenery that surrounds it.

This mansion was the palace of Don Tiberio Caraffa, Prince of Bisignano ; and early on the second day of the revolt, when, to use the words of an historian, the sun was scarcely above the waters, when drums were beaten and trumpets sounded, when banners were raised and soldiers were on the move, when swords, muskets, pikes, and arquebuses, bristled in every direction, when the eye met the more extraordinary spectacle of peasants with spades, axes, and ploughshares, ready to turn up glebes of flesh, and furrows of blood, the aspect of the princely building above alluded to remained calm and fearless. One of the windows was thrown open, and a young female, of scarcely seventeen, advanced with a hesitating step from her chamber to seek the morning air.

It was the 8th day of July, the weather was

intensely hot, and this day promised, like a month of days that had preceded it, to be one of blazing ardour. Her countenance was pale and worn, too plainly showing that she had risen thus early from her couch to seek change, if not relief, from a night of sleepless musing. Under ordinary circumstances, the scene which broke upon her view, might have sufficed to dispel fancies more gloomy, sorrows less unreal than belonged to her years. A slight haze still hovered over the blue waters, and the bases of the island mountains facing her, though the wavy outlines of their ridges rose sharp and blue against the skies above them. But notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, there came sounding upwards, from the broad street, which lay between her and the vice-roy's gardens, the tramp and clamour of a wakeful and agitated populace.

Throughout the long hours of the night, whilst she lay tossing on her couch, the

noise of restless and angry multitudes had reached her, and though without any distinct notion of the extent of this disturbance its motive or its object, she was aware that it was something unusual, even in that proverbially busy city. The cries and screams that came past her in gushes seemed more the result of exultation than of alarm, and they produced less impression on her mind than did the fancied hardships of her own lot.

Little heedful, except when the rush of multitudes shook the very walls of the building, of the cares of the world without, she continued deeply occupied with her own musing. Whilst lingering amongst the plants that formed about her avenues of shade and fragrance, her attention was caught by the figure of a person in a garb rarely admitted to the interior of a palace, who walked as if with an intimate knowledge of the chambers he was traversing, in the direction of her

father's sleeping apartment. As his tall figure passed successively window after window, she marked him attentively, and not without fear; but his dress, even more than his powerful frame and swarthy brow, attracted her notice, for it was novel to her at the time, and seemed unfit to venture beyond the courts and guard-houses appropriated to her father's followers. It was the costume of the bandits of the Abruzzi, and its wearer was Domenico Perrone.

His movements were visible to her from the low windows of the suite of rooms he traversed, and she saw him pause for a moment at her father's chamber, and then enter. The door closed behind him, and for more than an hour he remained in close conference within. At the end of that time the robber reappeared, retraced his steps, and departed. After a while her father's door again opened, and that noble himself came to join her. Her frame trembled as she watched his tall

form approaching ; and she stood to await his coming. Deeply impressed with the remembrance of their interview on the previous night, she was now much surprised to see that his stern and terrible brow had relaxed to its nearest possible approach to gentleness.

“ Eleonora,” he said, “ you are waking early, come hither, child. You have so long been separated from your father, that he gets scarcely more than the greeting of a stranger from you.”

She approached, and would have raised his hand to her lips, but her father bent down and kissed her forehead, a display of condescension, for such it more nearly resembled than love, which was not without its effect on a heart so gentle as that of Eleonora. One of those sweet and confiding smiles that formed the peculiar charm of her gentle countenance broke over her

features, and she placed her hand in her father's, and turned inward with him.

"I have, indeed, dear father," she said, "been too long away from you, and have learned to give too freely to my dear uncle the love that should be yours. Have you any tidings of the Duke di Maddaloni and of —"

"Of your cousin Giulio you would add," replied her father. "I have just heard that they are doing well, and are in attendance on the viceroy, where be assured, they have such safety as can be found within the walls of this city, where the whole population is running frantic. And now tell me something of the interior of my good brother's fortress of the Bear's Head. Without supposing your idle hours to have been spent in playing the spy on his household, you may know perchance what it concerns me to learn. Who or what is Marco Vitale?"

This question was asked whilst the pierc-

ing eyes of the speaker were bent searchingly on his daughter's countenance. That countenance became instantly crimson. She bent her eyes to the ground, the colour again left her cheek, and when she ventured to raise her eyes to her father's, she appeared confused and scared.

"The person you mention is his grace's secretary, and deep in his confidence," she replied. "He is of unobtrusive manners, and brief in his speech. I know little more of him."

"You speak warily, child," replied her parent, "you might have added that your penetrating cousin distrusted, and if report speaks true, regarded him with no friendly feeling."

A deep blush crimsoned the cheeks of Eleonora as she replied, "I might have added this, my father, if I could have deemed myself authorized in speaking my own thoughts, but I answered only from

what I knew. Giulio has much independence of character; and if he doubted the loyalty of any one about him, would take little pains to conceal his feelings. Yet would he not interfere with his father's friends."

"Has this youth ever spoken to thee?" asked her parent.

"Once, contrary to his custom and to his duty, he addressed me," replied the maiden. "His manner and his speech were such as were befitting his position and mine."

"And your cousin passed accidentally at the time," added the prince. "Observed you any thing, either by sign or word, to pass between them?"

"Giulio was flurried, as he afterwards told me, by news from Naples; he waved his hand, and Marco retired! Excepting upon that occasion, I remember me not that his voice was ever addressed to me."

"Be it so!" replied her father with a

smile, “your cousin is a watchful guardian ! But hark ! what means this uproar ? It sounds at our own doors ; by my father’s soul the unruly herd are battering for admittance.”

The Prince of Bisignano paused for a moment in attentive listening, and then darted away towards the lower chambers of the building. His alarm was not without serious cause ; nor were the proceedings of the few previous hours which led to it, without deep interest.

From the moment that Massaniello rose from his knees, and quitted the still sleeping figure of his wife, a total and scarcely comprehensible change came over his whole character and actions. The night which had been passed by lawless multitudes in roaming the city without any restraint upon their conduct, or any definite object in view, had been wasted by him in unmeaning pastime ; and when he now stepped abroad,

he was in utter ignorance of the actual state of the city. He repaired at once to the lair of Genuino, whom he found plunged into utter despondency. This old man had been taxing the energies of his aged frame to its utmost; and the glare of his hollow eye, the flush upon his cheek, showed that his strength, both of mind and body, were unequal to the responsibility which had fallen on him, and that some bewilderment evidently clouded his usually clear keen intellect. He made no offer to rise when his youthful associate entered, but his features assumed an aspect of sullenness and anger. Massaniello regarded him with surprise, yet with an expression of calm decision.

" You have doubtless slept off the dream of last night's delirium, young man," exclaimed Genuino, " and wearied with buffoonery, are about to recreate yourself with the frivolous occupation of establishing order in the city? Fool that I was to mix

myself up in such matters with you, and such as you! Wherefore are you come hither?"

Massaniello regarded the agitated features of this old man with a look of compassion, and the tones of his voice, when he replied to him, were gentle and soothing.

"I came, my friend," he replied, "to bid you take rest, and leave this day's work to me: we shall need your aid at night. Till then I wish no one to meddle with the business I have chosen for myself. This much I came to say, and having said it will wish you God's blessing, and go on my mission."

The speed and method that characterised the events of this day, which effectually decided the revolt, have excited the amazement of historians. Without the advantage of any means by which the scenes acting at one and the same moment throughout the city could be conveyed to him; assailed with an infinite contrariety of statements,

Massaniello early found the necessity of seeing all things with his own eyes, of directing every thing, of being every where. No sooner did he appear, eagerly bounding towards the densest mass of the people in the Carmine, than the cry, too intoxicating to the senses on which it fell, of "Long live Massaniello our captain," broke forth from the whole assemblage, was taken up at the extreme limit to which it reached, and thence again re-echoed till every shore along the bay of Naples rung with the shout. Massaniello felt his soul buoyant within him. At that moment his frame was not so deranged by excitement as it shortly became, and he derived fresh energies from this cry. The first object of that day was the acquisition of arms and ammunition, in the instant search for which he was essentially aided by the previous conference with Genuino. The name of Giovanni Battista Buzzacherino was the first

mentioned as likely to possess that of which they were in want, and it was heard with a yell of execration.

This unlucky individual farmed out a portion of the revenues, and contracted for the supply of the royal fortresses with powder. To his house accordingly was made the earliest visit of the populace, with Massaniello at their head, and he had speedily an opportunity of appreciating the cunning with which the Duke d' Arcos was reduced to combat the brute force of the rabblement. Powder was found in sufficient quantities, but on examination it was discovered that it had been deluged with water. It was true that it might be dried, but in the mean time it was useless. Foiled in this quarter, the next attempt of the crowds was on the shop of a certain Stanni in the Via Mandracchio, but before quitting the premises of Buzzacherino, Massaniello gave an earnest of the new spirit with which he intended conduct-

ing the incidents of this second day of misrule. He gave orders to fire the house and all within it.

"Let all perish," he exclaimed, "and woe to the hand that shall venture on pilfering!"

The rush was now in the new direction in which the information of Massaniello gave hope of better fortune. The owner of this house, a little old man who had grown corpulent and crabbed with good fortune, was very short and broad in his person, sleek and florid in his countenance, his forehead was high, bald, and narrow ; his eyes were small, grey, and glittering. The nature of his trade had taught him caution, and avarice had made him uncourteous and suspicious.

He had received warning from the Duke d' Arcos of the probability of an attack upon his stores, and a pressing order to convey such quantities as time would allow within the Castel Nuovo; no word had been said

to him of indemnity, and Ambrogio Stanni persuaded himself that the Viceroy could have no claim upon his generosity to the amount of so considerable a sacrifice. He accordingly paid no attention to the warning, but went busily on in his every day pursuits, though the city rocked about his ears with revolt; and when the populace first surrounded his dwelling he was found occupied and heedless of the public fury. He answered peevishly to the demands to bring out such store of powder as was fit for use, and when threatened, he stepped a step backward in surprise, but answered nothing: the clamour about the building increased till the old man was nearly deafened with shouts and menaces. His house was speedily ransacked of such few valuables as it contained, and a voice brought purposely into contact with his ear, and pitched to a tone that might have startled the dead, called for a torch to fire the building.

"Ay, ay, fire it! and do it quickly, you wise thieves," muttered its intractable owner.

Ceasing all further attempts to protect his property, which till then he had done vigorously with voice and gesture, he made a spring to clear the doorway, striking violently as he did so against the slight form of Massaniello. The crush at the entry was immense, but the old man succeeded in bearing back the leader of the populace into the street, at the very moment that a torch flared above his head, and particles of its flaming materials dropped upon his person. With an impulse over which he had no control, and which he bitterly deplored afterwards, he seized the dress of Massaniello, and clinging to him as if life depended on the tenacity of his grasp, he dragged him back through the crowds, in spite of the angry menaces that growled about him, and the rude handling of his adherents. No effort of Massaniello could

disengage him from the grasp of this terrified fugitive, who thus forced a passage for both through the throng, till they had reached a score of yards from the building, when, suddenly with an explosion as if the foundations of the city were rent asunder, it was blown into thousands of fragments, and with it every human creature who was thronging its chambers! Between fifty and sixty bodies were hurled through the air, and one hundred and forty more perished of those who stood nearest to the building.

There was now no time for stopping to aid the wounded; the hour was gone by when the sight of a slain citizen could excite the compassion of his fellows; men's blood was boiling in one general tempest, and a catastrophe like the one just described could no longer excite either terror or compassion. Foiled a second time in their search, the multitudes hurried with tenfold fury in a new direction.

The information of Massaniello was not yet at fault ; a master of a merchant vessel was reported to have several pieces of cannon hidden about his premises, his house was next surrounded, and the secret of his hiding-place extorted from the terror of his wife. These guns, the first they had yet captured, were brought away in triumph ; their next discovery was of one hundred and fifty muskets : elated but not pacified by this success, every house thus assailed, they infallibly burnt.

## CHAPTER VI.

WHILE the chief leader of the populace was thus actively employed, the Duke d' Arcos was not idle in the adoption of such sources as remained to him. He had weighed well in his mind the alternative of risking all things by open contest, or recovering ultimately the authority of his king at the expense of the destruction of half the city, by yielding to the storm, and combating by diplomacy. For himself he feared nothing, and for the demolition of the palaces of a few score of over-wealthy nobles he cared nothing. How his charac-

ter might stand in the estimation of Olivarez, the all-powerful minister of the Spanish monarch, was to him of more import than the sacking of the entire city, and to this consideration his calculations were limited. After mature reflection he decided to defend the fortresses of the city at all hazards, to uphold his personal dignity as he best could, to oppose to the vehemence of the excited mob, the inertness of constant treaty, and for the rest to leave the nobles and their properties to their own resources, or to their fate. Though such was his determination, the keenest observer of his conduct detected no symptom of indifference to the misfortunes of the aristocracy. On the contrary, he shewed every inclination to adopt the various experiments suggested to him to arrest the mischief; he bewailed the attacks on the houses of the most insignificant servants of the state; he listened with admirable

patience to the interminable harangues of his council ; and his countenance expressed the deepest sympathy with all about him.

Throughout the earlier part of the day messengers were busied running with pacific overtures hither and thither, from the square of the Carmine to the Castel Nuovo, announcing the coming first of one noble and then of another, who could be supposed most acceptable to the people, each protesting his willingness to meet their wishes. On this mission the first that ventured his person was Ettore Rava schiero, Prince of Satriano, he was followed by the Prince of Montesarchio Davalos, great names which had before and have since figured in the most glorious of their country's pages, and whose bearers now condescended to an unwilling and unwelcome interference in a domestic broil. Their abasement was unavailing, the purport of their embassies was referred by Massaniello to Genuino,

and the populace was instructed to insist on the production of the glorious charter of Charles the Fifth,\* said to be written in antique golden characters, and which contained the only true copy of their privileges. These nobles offered to swear on the gospels that to the best of their belief the documents they bore with them were the privileges in question, but the cry was for the original copy. It was in vain that the Duke d' Arcos pledged his honor that he dealt fairly by them, and knew of no such document as they called for. It was replied that the Padre Genuino had seen it in the days of the viceroyalty of the Duke d' Ossuna. It was kept, they said, in the royal archives of the Campanile of St. Lorenzo Maggiore, and if the Duke d' Arcos could not find it, they would.

The alternative was not pleasing; the

\* This refers to the emperor, who was at the same time King of Spain.—(ED.)

nobles driven back with insult, considered themselves fortunate in being permitted to regain the protection of the fortress from which they had ventured.

During these various diplomatic attempts, the business of the day was not suspended for a moment. An attack on the tower of St. Lorenzo, had been decided on the evening previously, and as the reader is aware, the undertaking had been accepted by Perrone, with the forfeit of his life if he failed. This building was known to contain, besides many valuable public records, for which the people cared as little as for the cobwebs which in all probability enshrouded them, a store of cannon and military provisions of all kinds. The only unpleasant circumstance attending the adventure, was the fact of its being occupied by a certain hard-headed veteran named Biagio Fusco, with a handful of Spanish soldiers, men unlikely to be terrified by the outcries of the multi-

tudes, or to be scrupulous in the use of the weapons under their custody. The fiat of Massaniello had gone forth for its attack; and the peculiar expression of his features, as he reminded the robber of his pledge conveyed to his mind the unpleasant conviction that what had been uttered in the confidence of success, as a well-sounding bravado, was considered as a contract between him and the people. The cry had been raised by Massaniello, and was borne through the city, calling all men to the assault of this tower; and thither accordingly the multitudes rushed, heedless of the mode or the peril of the attack.

Perrone, when he found himself at the base of the formidable tower, and saw cannon bristling from its embrasures, and Spanish soldiery stationed at every window of its various stories, sent an urgent invitation to Fusco to surrender, with promise of unmolested retreat for himself and his company. The simple and speedy reply of the

veteran was a volley of his artillery amongst the challengers; no further parley was needed, and the assault was begun in good earnest. The few guns that had been found here and there by the populace were brought against the building, but as might have been foreseen, were after much delay and unskilful handling, found worse than useless. Perrone with a fierce curse ordered them to be flung aside and called for fire.

The description of this first serious combat has been given with much accuracy by an eye-witness, who fairly states that, except in the regions of Pandemonium, he could have conceived nothing more truly terrible. Amongst the crowds were multitudes of women armed with arquebuses and all sorts of weapons. It seemed as if every living creature had rushed out to fight. They came in families, the men bearing lances, pikes, halbards, maces, clubs; the women carried on their shoulders faggots, light

brushwood, every sort of inflammable material, barrels of oil and tar, and bundles of straw, even to their very bedding; whilst children of five or six years old and under carried balls of string dipped in sulphur, and clinging to the dresses of their mothers hurried with the general throng as to a festival.

All the lower tenements which cumbered their approach, or at all screened the tower were speedily demolished, and the entire square in front of it became one vast pile of combustibles. Seeing the undertaking of Perrone in such train as he desired, Massaniello turned his own personal exertions to other scenes, and a different quarter of the city. He had but to apportion to his faithful people the duties he expected from them during the coming hours of darkness, and he might then, if he willed it, retire to the enjoyment of a scene similar to the one which had concluded his toil of yesterday. On rejoining the crowds in the square of the

Carmine he took from his bosom the identical scroll produced by Marco Vitale at the night meeting at Amalfi, and which contained the names of the nobles judged most hostile to the people, and lists of palaces doomed to the flames; this was delivered to one of his attendants, and read forth on the spot; joyous shouts received each name as it was pronounced ; and nearly every name of the nobles of Spanish descent was there inscribed.

This ominous scroll terminated with a warning to his faithful people not to touch any single article of whatever value, not to rescue from perishing either furniture, or jewels, or money; should any dare to do so, it added, he should die ! No word had been yet said of food, no thought had apparently been bestowed on the corporal wants of this hard working people. The popularity of Massaniello, which each moment increased, as his unexpected resources

developed themselves, received its completion when he directed them where to find the royal magazines, containing, as he told them, eight thousand cantares of flour, and five hundred barrels of wine, which should be carefully distributed amongst them.

The multitudes sprung away on their various pursuits ; six-and-twenty palaces, the most sumptuous of the whole city, were read out for ruin, and they promised to afford sufficient pastime till dusk. In the meantime, calling his mind from the wild excitement of the scenes we have described, Massaniello calmly occupied himself in the important task of organising a regular militia, so as to have the whole people under control and available in a mass. To facilitate this scheme he took advantage of the ancient municipal divisions of the city into twenty-nine Rioni or Ottine ; and divided the whole people into an equal number of bands, selecting leaders well known to him-

self for each. It was remarked that in this arrangement Perrone was excluded from all command, but left at the head of his handful of bandits. As many as one hundred and fifty thousand citizens are said to have been thus enrolled.

When this office was concluded, Massaniello turned his thoughts to a subject of not less importance, yet one that might be supposed less readily to present itself to the mind of an ignorant fisherman of three or four and twenty. He decreed that the ordinary courts of law should continue open, and added to them a select tribunal, at which he declared his intention of himself presiding, for the decision of such cases of private and public wrong as might require speedy solution. Appointing Marco Vitale to be his secretary, for he was himself unable either to write or read, he surrounded himself with advocates, purveyors, printers, in short with all the customary

apparatus of the executive : and when these matters were dispatched, after a clear and expeditious mode of his own, he was about to seek the presence of Genuino, when tidings reached him that a body of five hundred German soldiers were entering the city from Pozzuolo. Massaniello hesitated not a moment ; his emissaries flew through the crowded streets, whilst he himself hurried heedless who followed, to give meeting the troops.

Every street along his route poured out its thousands, and he was speedily accompanied with half the population of the city. Terrified by the numbers of their opponents, the astonished handful of soldiery flung down their arms, and attempted to fly ; but finding their retreat cut off, they took refuge in the church of St. Egidio. Massaniello entered amongst them unattended, they prayed for mercy, and surrendered. The first care of this youthful

leader, whose policy not less than his decision remains a mystery to this day, was to order them refreshments of bread and wine; and, adds the chronicler, "it was a touching sight to see the poor men thus rescued from destruction, dancing with loaves in their hands, and the flask at their mouths as if at a festival, while they called the people their brethren, and Massaniello their saviour.

## CHAPTER VII.

SCARCELY less agitated than the public squares and streets of the city was the interior of the Castel Nuovo, the stronghold in which the viceroy, his family, and immediate council had taken refuge. No sooner had it transpired that the revolt was to be allowed to take its course unresisted, than the nobles of Naples, well knowing how obnoxious the many iniquities of their order had rendered them to the whole body of the people, began to reflect upon the line of conduct most available to their interests. The high

exclusiveness of their aristocracy, and the almost total absence of any intermediate and connecting grade between them and the class now in revolt, whilst it deprived them of any intercessors, influential with that body, and left them isolated in insuperable enmity, had at least one effect that was consolatory; it bound every individual of the order into unity, merged every personal difference, every family jealousy, into one common necessity of adherence and combination to avert the general calamity. Hence, when the revolt was ascertained to be of entirely plebeian origin, when the very scum of the market-place was vested with supreme authority, the corinthian column reversed, its capital in the mud, its base elevated above the heads of all men, there was an instantaneous intelligence diffused amongst them which needed little of arrangement to direct all their exertions to one general point.

As soon as it was known that the vice-

roy, ceding to the torrent of popular fury, had taken refuge within the fortress of the Castel Nuovo, thus keeping open his communication with the palace and the sea, the nobles hastened one by one, as the darkness of the night, or dexterously-assumed disguises enabled them, to secure the protection of the same shelter, and proclaim their fidelity to their king.

Most anxiously did the Duke d' Arcos watch these several arrivals, for there were many of the members of that powerful order whom he was most anxious to collect about him, less for any actual support he might derive from their counsels, than for the effect derivable from their countenance with the court of Spain, and the chance of throwing upon them some share of responsibility. The far greater part of the ancient barons of the kingdom, and all but one of the Sedile, or aristocratic deputies, were assembled beneath his roof; but the absence

of that one, imbibited the satisfaction he would otherwise have derived from their presence. The coming of this noble was watched for hour after hour, and the Duke d' Arcos sat in the midst of his collateral council, musing and conjecturing, little heeding though consenting to the trial of the various expedients that were suggested, one after another, for pacifying the populace. Whilst in this mood he had permitted the missions of the Prince of Satriano and the Duke Davalos to the market-place, but the tidings of their failure had no power to rouse him, and seemed in no way either to affect or interest him.

Late in the day, when wearied out with listening to desultory debatings that were endless and unprofitable, the viceroy rose from his seat and quitted the audience-chamber. Instead of retiring to the peaceful apartments occupied by his duchess, where the treason of supposing the revolt

serious was not admitted, and where cheerful brows would have met him, he ascended to the topmost regions of the castle, and throwing open a door, found himself upon an extensive terrace, commanding a view of the entire city and its glorious bay. At the further end of the terrace, gazing down from the battlemented parapet upon the singular scene below, stood the majestic figure of his daughter, leaning against one of the guns whose dark muzzle overtopped the wall. So busy was she in the contemplation of the scenes that were acting beneath her, that the step of her father failed to catch her attention, and he stood by her side, and laid his hand upon her dress, before she became aware of his presence.

The moment was one of deep interest, and the lady, without speaking one word or listening to the low whisper with which he addressed her, pointed with her hand extended to the tall tapering tower or campan-

nile of St. Lorenzo Maggiore. The Duke d' Arcos turned his glance thitherward, and beheld the leaguer of a countless multitude swarming about it; the houses that cumbered all approach to it were falling in clouds of dust to the earth one after another, and the space thus laid open became instantly black with thousands of assailants, until no spot of earth, save that occupied by the lofty structure itself, and the convent attached to it, was unpossessed by the people.

"If that tower falls, Victoria," exclaimed the Duke d' Arcos "the fortunes of our house fall with it."

His daughter, unaccustomed to a word of despondency from the usually guarded lips of her parent, and startled by the tone of dejection in which he now spoke, turned to gaze upon his features. She saw him pale, and evidently abandoned by every whispering of hope.

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“What does that tower contain, my father?” she inquired, “that you should thus deplore its fall? or wherefore should you suppose that it will fall? He who holds it has been thus surrounded since midday, and has shown no symptoms of meditating a surrender.”

“It contains cannon, child,” replied her father, “and stores of ammunition which, well used, would make this castle untenable for many hours longer; but more than that, it contains charters and muniments of great antiquity and value; its loss will ensure our disgrace at Madrid beyond redemption.”

“Nay, my father,” replied the lady with some appearance of impatience, “you fancy yourself still mystifying the sages of your elect council. Were these parchments of so much price, the ministers of Spain would have conveyed them hence long since.”

“They may settle the disputed right of a foreign dynasty to the crown of these

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kingdoms, Victoria," replied her father despondingly. "Mazarine already talks of aiding the Duke of Guise in a descent on these shores, and any document which would afford a pretext in the eyes of Christendom to invade the kingdom, will be valued beyond price by the enemies of Spain. If that tower falls, believe me, we shall have more formidable foes to contend with than this rabblement and their fisherman captain."

"Unless a coward holds it, the tower will not fall, my father," replied the maiden! "are those half naked lazzaroni to scale it, or convey it from its base to the market-place? Hark," she added suddenly, "saw you that?"

A vivid and momentary flash had broken from several of the embrasures of the tower they were watching, and after an instant's pause there came crashing through the air the report of cannon, the multitude

wavered, as if the earth they stood upon had rocked beneath their feet ; a dark void had been ploughed through their masses, and then, even before the shores of the bay had ceased to reecho the roaring of the guns, there broke up shrieks and furious yells from the whole body of the populace. The features of the lady Victoria d' Arcos were exalted and triumphant when she turned again to her parent.

"He is no poltroon, my father," she said, "he has dared what your sage counsellors, after a world of debating, have shrunk from. Would that the fortress Pizzo, Falcone St. Ermo, the Castel dell' Uovo, nay this very building we are hiding in, were as safe as the campanile of St. Lorenzo!"

The Duke d' Arcos, though for a moment terrified by the contemplation of the possible consequences of such an act, could not control his excitement, but bent eagerly forward to watch the sequel. One look

sufficed him, and he turned away his gaze. A second and a third volley of artillery sent thunders through the air, death through the assailants, and then again ensued a longer pause.

"Is it not as I said, Victoria?" he enquired, "what means this pause unless the place surrenders, what see you?"

"A thousand torches, my father," replied the maiden, "they extend in a continuous line from the Carmine. How strange an infatuation in the soldiery within the fortress, to suspend their firing on account of this procession of mad monks."

"This is no pious foolery of the cardinal, my child," replied the duke mournfully. "His priests have had full warning to confine their ceremonies to their convents, and they are too wise to seek such scenes as those. The populace are about to fire the building. I much wonder they had not thought of it earlier. Believe me, Victoria

those torches will not be extinguished till every remnant of nobleness and state which this city possesses, be extinguished with them."

"It is but too true, sir," replied the maiden, "those within the tower have understood the fearful menace more readily than I did. The torches are shaken in defiance, but men yet pause before committing so barbarous a cruelty. Have they who command the stronghold any orders to authorize their surrender in case of extremity, or to hold out and perish?"

The Duke d' Arcos replied mournfully, "all men think for themselves in times like these, and leave their neighbours to God's keeping, and their own devices. He who commands the campanile will act as he deems safest."

"The doubt is solved, sir," replied the lady, bitterly, a white flag is waved from the battlements, the tower is surrendered,

and with it the precious muniments you spoke of, and cannon to batter Naples into ruins. Alas! my father, I can deplore all these things with you, but you refuse to listen to the counsel that might have prevented this mischief, that might even now, perchance, have influence with this mad people. Now that they whom you have advised with acknowledge that they can no longer guide you, you might at least listen to the counsels of a daughter who has no wish to outlive your honour."

The Duke d' Arcos made her no reply, and she continued: "There are yet nobles who have the good will and good opinion of the people, men whose words pledged to them might gain credence; not such as you have hitherto tried, the friends of Tiberio Caraffa, men whose most sacred oaths are heard with derision, not less by the very rabble than by yourself; why not send for the Cardinal of Naples and for——"

"For the Duke di Maddaloni you would add," said her father, "whither should I send, Victoria? He comes not near us, and waits, I doubt not, but to see matters a little more ripe for his purpose, in order to proclaim himself the redresser of their wrongs, and to offer himself as the king who will govern so magnanimous a people without taxes, and content himself with such obedience as they may be pleased to tender."

"These, my lord, are the calumnies of the Prince of Bisignano," replied his daughter warmly; "A man who never yet uttered truth of his noble brother, and they are more fitting his lips than yours. The Duke di Maddaloni can have no interest in common with this senseless populace. He was their protector when grasping nobles trampled on them, and if you want help at this hour of your peril, you must condescend to solicit it from him. Send him to the square of the

Carmine, and unless the Prince of Bisignano, arch traitor as he is, be not as deep in the people's counsels as in yours, I will answer for his success."

"I know nothing of his abode, Victoria," replied the viceroy, "God knows our pride is near enough to its prostration, and it costs less to humble ourselves to a noble than to this senseless herd."

"If your grace will consent to use my mediation," said the maiden, "I will at least endeavour to persuade him to make the attempt." She remained silent for some moments and then added, with a tone less firm than it had been, "we are suitors with an ill grace, my father, for we have to solicit new services before past ones are acknowledged; would it not be well to offer some word of thanks to the person who protected my flight and your own hither?"

The Duke d' Arcos was far better skilled in reading the meaning thus obscurely im-

plied, than in answering to solicitations urged with the frankness with which his daughter had spoken.

"Surely, Victoria," he answered, "I will seek fitting opportunity to do so. The young Caraffa shall be summoned hither, and will accept excuses which the events of each hour have made but too valid. If he consent to bear our prayer to his father, let him tarry for one moment at my chamber."

"Are you going hence, my father?" she inquired; but the Duke d' Arcos was already gone; she turned and rested herself against the parapet in the same position as that in which he had surprised her. The whole expression of her countenance underwent a change, her glance was beaming and glorious as ever, but its fire was tempered to a mild and tremulous radiance. Her brow, usually so calm and imperious, assumed an expression of doubt and trouble, but though embarrassed she was still determined; she turned her

glance again from the battlements and looked down upon the thickest of that toiling revolt ; the square of St. Lorenzo had undergone a speedy change. She could perceive a calm amongst the crowd, the fortress had mounted a black banner, the ensign of the people. Its portals were thrown open, and the mere handful of Spanish soldiery, who had till then defied the tens of thousands who assailed them, marched forth from the citadel ; deafening shouts received them, but a lane was opened through the throngs, and they were permitted to take their departure whither their captain chose to lead them. They turned their faces towards the Castel Nuovo, and continued along their entire route distinguishable from the mass.

## CHAPTER VIII.

ALTHOUGH the contemplation of such scenes might have absorbed the senses of the high-spirited being who looked down upon them, there was a feeling busy in her bosom which robbed them of much of their interest. The door through which the Duke d' Arcos had taken his departure again opened, steps traversed the terrace, and though her cheek became suddenly pale, her heart bounded as she saw the young Prince Caraffa approaching her, and concluded that it was her own offer to her father that had evoked his presence. Upon his noble fea-

tures she read the unwelcome writing not of embarrassment, not of surprise, but of sorrow and of displeasure. He returned the courtly salute that was offered to him, and then took his place calmly by her side, and looked first over and into the subject city, and then out upon the waters of the bay. As his glance continued long busily engaged in that direction, he more than once passed his hand across his eyes as if in doubt ; but finally satisfied in his search, he turned to the lady by his side.

“ Most deeply do I regret your father’s position, lady,” he said, “ but they who make use of traitors should expect to be served treacherously. Can you see yonder small sail standing on and off, as if in doubt whether to approach the land or turn outward to the open sea ? ”

The Princess d’ Arcos followed the direction to which he pointed, and perceived three vessels of no mean size, manœuvring

as if utterly undecided what course to pursue.

“I know them well,” he continued, “they are Genoese vessels, and were till lately in my father’s service. They will be found to have armed soldiers on board entrapped into treason; if those men do land in Naples, the Prince of Bisignano may aspire to more than his brother’s inheritance. But mark, lady,” he continued, “the vessels have attracted other notice than ours ; see you not men hurrying breathlessly from the Torrione of the Carmine towards the shore? Well for them, and for us all, if they have the energy to drag a few of their guns to the coast!”

“These are times that turn women into consellors, my lord,” said the lady, “and my father has permitted my forwarding through you a prayer to the Duke di Maddaloni. I was a favourite once with his grace,” she added with a colouring cheek, “and until

evil counsellors,—you see I speak frankly,—stepped between your father and mine, he would have needed no mediator with him. With the differences of statesmen on whom devolve the interests of a kingdom, it were unseemly and presumptuous in me to meddle ; but against the evil tongues that have breathed their venom between me and the companion of my childhood, that have slandered the feelings of a heart which, as God knows, is sincere and upright, that have robbed me of the brotherly love that I valued, and did nothing to forfeit, I may surely complain ! And that calumniators have done this it will be vain to dissemble, until your frank brow become tutored to the cunning of theirs.”

The Prince Caraffa fixed his glance on the animated features of the speaker, but hesitated in his reply, and she continued,

“ That this has been done is palpable, or

why this assumed restraint between us who have been as children of the same parents? why this cutting coldness in a meeting after so long an absence? why is it that the very names we bear are to be stifled on our lips? Our parting was not after this fashion. If all this were the effect of separation, I should not murmur, but I have become wise in the conduct of courtiers, and I know that the calumnies I have heard, and scorned when uttered against you, have been busied about me, and I fear have gained credence."

"Victoria," replied Caraffa with some embarrassment, "evil tongues have been between us; and there is little wonder, for the air of your father's court is infected, and those who have been employed as spies between the Capo d'Orso and Naples laboured busily in their foul vocation. They were paid to lie, and there was a necessity to earn their wages. I came hither prepared to accompany my father a second time to a

state prison, but you have said well, such matters concern us not! We were friends in childhood, and if the petulance of a hasty temper offended you not then, we may still be as we then were. Believe me, Victoria, through many trials, much persecution, continued indignities, I have never figured to myself your image amongst the unworthy crowd who people the viceroy's palace. I have never thought of you but as high-minded, and holy, and one whose friendship it were a treasure to gain, a calamity to lose."

He held out his hand towards her as he ceased to speak, but the glance of the lady was cast down; the tears came to her eyes, and when she extended her hand to meet his, there passed an expression of deep sorrow over her countenance."

"Alas!" she replied, "these are eloquent professions, but the tone in which they are uttered is not that which has dwelt in my

memory. I spoke truly; there is a charm broken between us, Giulio, we are become strangers to each other. It were better that I at once turn my thoughts to my father's request. I was bidden to thank you for the services you rendered yesterday to him and to me, and I offered, unenlightened by the chill lesson you have just taught me, and dreaming of the love the Duke di Maddaloni once had for me, to bear or send through you a prayer to him for help."

"Willingly would I assure you, Victoria, that you are still as high as ever in his grace's estimation; one thing I can certainly affirm, that if I am the mediator you propose to use, you would do better to try your own influence unaided. The evil counsellors you spoke of have poisoned my father's mind against me, and were it not that I would rather couple the name of death than that of the Prince of Bisignano with

my dear father's, I would recommend the Duke d' Arcos so transmit his wishes through that most persuasive of advisers. It would have surprised me less to have learned from you that my father was about to resume his ancient quarters in this fortress, than to receive a petition from the Duke d' Arcos."

"God forbid," replied the lady mournfully. "It was an unjust deed, consented to in an evil hour, and bitterly has it been atoned for; but let me not any longer urge my deluded feelings as motives to influence your father's actions. I would unwillingly hear men say that the Duke di Maddalon looked on idly at his country's ruin, and was too proud, or too vindictive to make an effort to arrest it."

"All power to be useful has been taken from him, lady," replied the youth; "but speak your wishes, and I will convey them to him, and may the message not fare the worse

because he who bears it is under the deep misfortune of his father's displeasure."

The Princess Victoria paused for some moments in painful musing, she then raised her glance sorrowfully to his countenance, and said, "Alas, Giulio, is it even so? My lips return to a theme upon which it were perhaps better to be silent. If enemies have indeed been between a parent and his child, between two minds so noble, so confiding, so exalted above falsehood and its wiles, I may not murmur that they should have done me the evil office of blotting out the memories of other days! I had presumed upon old recollections with you, and I have found my error: I had thought that one hour's conversation with the Duke di Maddaloni, on the terms on which we used to meet of old, would even now avert much mischief."

"Seek it not, lady," replied the youth; "my father is, and feels that he is, the first

noble in these realms, that he has been treated as the last and least ; and though he has at times allowed the influence of his situation to pass into other hands, there are moments when he views with a sudden jealousy any semblance of encroachment upon his authority, I have too often obtruded my impetuosity upon his seeming inertness, and it has been fully as much my fault as misfortune that I have incurred his distrust. Spies and slanderers have been between us, but woe to those who have done this mischief, that they may the more securely intrigue for his ruin ! they may yet find that they are digging pitfalls for their own steps."

"The times are perilous," replied the lady ; "and I like not the meeting of plot by plot. It will be better that the good duke step forward to save his country, for thus he will best defeat the dark schemes that have been plotted around him."

"We speak and reply in mysteries, Vic-

toria," said Giulio; "declare your wishes plainly. I am ready to do your bidding."

The device of the daughter of the Duke d' Arcos for arresting the fury of the people was now told in few words; how it sped we shall shortly have occasion to show. In the meantime their discourse had been interrupted at intervals by wild bursts of clamour borne upward from the city, and whilst Giulio Caraffa was meditating upon the request made to him, he had approached nearer to her side, and to the embrasure whence he commanded a better view of the busy scene below.

"It is scarcely an inviting scene into which to send my father," he said, "but you have spoken truly: if any noble in Naples can arrest this mad multitude, it is He, and I will do your mission. I must now, Victoria," he said after a pause, "become the suitor in my turn; there is a person very dear to me, whose safety con-

cerns me far more than this temporary delirium of the people, for whom I would humbly crave your kind offices. Permit me to say it in all sincerity that were she my own sister, there is no one within this kingdom to whose protection I would so confidently entrust her."

The cheek of the Princess d' Arcos became for a moment crimson, and it paled as suddenly, as she replied, "you speak of your cousin? Most willingly will I introduce her to my mother, who will afford her such protection as remains to us all, for I fear she is in a position of great peril; the Prince of Bisignano is pursuing a tortuous and dangerous game, and he will fail in his object."

"Let me explain myself clearly, Victoria," said Caraffa; "it is not the protection of the Duchess d' Arcos that I would solicit for her, but yours, for she has many trials in store, and you, lady, may receive a confi-

dence which she would reluctantly impart to any one else, for she is familiar with your name, the only one in this polluted court that I have from her childhood, held up to her as a model. From the ruder shocks of the times I can myself shield her, but she may have sorrows in which my aid would avail nothing. May I presume to crave so great a service from you?"

The princess was about to reply when a shout from the toiling city below, sudden and crashing, but prolonged and universal, startled them ; they gazed anxiously towards the spot most densely thronged, to ascertain its cause. It was getting dusk, and the movement of the crowds was becoming confused, but at that moment the whole space below appeared to have started into one general blaze ; torches innumerable flashed against every building, bringing into startling relief the wild groups of agitated mul-

titudes, and the melancholy shells of ruined palaces.

The long street of the Toledo was marked out by a stream of dense smoke, broken here and there by the glare of simultaneous conflagrations. The royal palace stood aloof from these fires, majestic and gloomy, but farther away, where the aristocratic Chiaja spread out its series of noble mansions, the fires were already commencing. Many of the buildings written down on Massaniello's fatal list were situated in that street, and thither the principal rage for destruction now appeared to have directed itself.

A sudden consciousness flashed painfully over the mind of the young Caraffa. His uncle's palace was one of that princely range, and although his family was judged to stand favourably in popular esteem, though he knew, more intimately than he cared to reveal, powerful reasons why the

mansion of his uncle might well be considered safe from attack, he remembered that his cousin was within its walls, and that should it escape intentional conflagration, the most trifling rising of the breeze might waft over its roof, from the buildings blazing about it sufficient material to involve it in their fate.

Nearly at the same moment that this fearful possibility occurred to him, there started up heavenwards first a dense volume of smoke, and then a broad sheet of flame, which ascended far above the topmost tower of the very building on which his gaze was fixed, then sunk as suddenly, and when it next broke forth, came in gushes horizontally, from windows and terraces, filling the air with brilliance. Shouts which reached even to the remote spot on which he stood welcomed each burst of the raging element, and sufficiently proved that it was no result of accident that caused this new conflagration.

The cheek of Giulio Caraffa might at that moment have revealed all that had been mysterious in his mood during his interview, he became suddenly pale, and his limbs trembled. Losing all memory of the scene below, the Princess d' Arcos rose and extended her hand unconsciously to offer him support, but he shrunk from her, and said almost in a whisper,

“The intriguer is caught in his own snare, that flame is too surely bursting from the Palace of Bisignano !”

Without a word of farewell the young Caraffa sprung away from the terrace, and within very few minutes he had darted over the drawbridge of the fortress, which had been lowered by order to let him pass, and plunged into one of the narrow streets leading from the Largo di Castello to the street of the Toledo.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE scene to which Giulio Caraffa was hurrying was one of a truly appalling character, terrible to the very crowd who had caused it, and were exulting over its progress. How much more awful to the young and timid female whom we have described as residing within the walls of that palace! When the first noise of the thundering at the portals of the building had caused her father to rush so abruptly from her, Eleonora sunk back into the contemplation of her own sorrows, little heedful for some

time of the uproar without. The very few hours that she had spent beneath that roof had familiarised her with alarms similar though less near, and in the vague knowledge she had of the popular movement, she could form no idea of any impending personal mischief.

Her father did not return ; the uproar increased both within and without the precincts of the palace ; shout followed shout with increasing frequency and fury ; the very building trembled with the violence of the assault against its doors ; and then she began to weary of her solitude, to form a more correct idea of the true character of the proceedings. She quitted the house, hurried forth into the terrace which overhung the street, and then every single exclamation of the enraged mob without, and the fierce reply of the defenders within the court, reached her. The voice of her father, terrible to her at all times, now rose angrily

above the tumult, demanding to know wherefore a peaceful residence was thus assaulted ; the only reply of the assailants that reached her was not directed to him, but to each other in encouragement to fresh exertions.

“Take warning, you unruly rabblement,” thundered the exalted tones of the Prince of Bisignano, “if you retire not, my followers shall fire their arquebuses amongst you.”

“The door quivers,” exclaimed a voice distinct above the tumult, “one more such charge and the panels must be dashed to pieces.”

That voice spoke truly, the solid portals cracked, and split, and groaned upon their hinges. It was only astonishing that they had been able to resist so long ; for the mode of attack was by a ponderous beam, the spoil of some ruined palace, which was born by a score of athletic assailants who retreated some yards backwards after each

charge, returned with a quick pace, and brought the extremity of this tremendous weapon against the frame work. After the last threat, and the insulting defiance that answered it, the rioters had fallen back to renew their attack, when suddenly the sharp report of musketry rung loudly above the tumult ; the beam was thrown forward by the impulse it had received, but of those that bore it more than half the number dropped instantly to the earth.

The groans of their last moments were drowned in the general scream of rage and execration which followed ; the beam was not again taken up, but a voice was heard to cry out “Forward with the torches !” Passage was made through the crowds, and the lights came leaping to their glad office : but not for this did the haughty spirit of the Prince of Bisignano waver; volley followed volley of deadly musketry, and Eleonora heard his voice calmly and sternly

filling up the pauses that ensued between shout and musket-shot.

A strong smell of burning, a volume of smoke, and then the reflection of flames that burst from the lower story of the building, too truly revealed to this unfortunate girl the fate that menaced her. No further attempt was made upon the gates of the palace, but the multitude drew back from the immediate vicinity of the now burning pile, and waited and watched with augmenting triumph the progress of the fire. The uninflammable material of which that vast structure was built, made it long before the flames could make any impression on the upper stories. Vast jets of crimson light were from time to time spouted up above the terrace, and darted over its parapets in forked tongues, as if yearning for the destruction of the pale and trembling being who had sought refuge there.

Eleonora had more than once turned into

the house, and rushed through its empty chambers; she screamed, but her voice was lost in the universal uproar. The heat and the smoke within the house became stifling and insupportable, and not venturing to seek the lower apartments of the building, she rushed again out upon the terrace, which she had scarcely reached, when a noise like thunder, and a shock that was felt through the whole palace, gave tidings of the fall of the ponderous portals which had till then withstood all assaults. Unconscious of the extent to which the fire had spread, she expected that a general rush of the populace would have followed, but instead of this the interior of the palace seemed to become more tranquil.

In fact the void left by the fall of the portals had produced a change too sudden and fearful in the appearance of the building to encourage any one to approach it. The air rushed through the opening, and

the flames were forcibly driven inward into the very heart of the palace: the wings which joined each end of the terrace were already in flames; and every chance of escape, for those who might have lingered within, seemed now cut off.

The fire hissed greedily beneath, around, and above her: bewildered and helpless, Eleonora remained fixed in hopeless inaction. More than once it seemed to her that she heard her father's voice calling her by name, but with her the time for exertion was past, she sunk upon her knees, and all intelligence was rapidly leaving her, when suddenly, bounding through the very flames, every step planted upon bending and half burned beams, there sprung on to the terrace and to her side the figure of a man masked, and habited in the black garb worn by the confraternity of the Misericordia, a common disguise amongst the leaders of the populace. The tones in

which he uttered her name brought back a quick perception of her situation, while it enabled her to recognise the person who had ventured thus desperately to her rescue. She sprung up, and in an agony of mingled joy and terror, threw her arms about his neck.

"Dear Giulio," she exclaimed, "you have thrown away your life, may God reward you, for your escape hence is hopeless."

"Fly, Eleonora, fly," he exclaimed hurriedly, "the stairs rocked as I ascended them, if they fall our death is inevitable."

Scarcely had he uttered the words when with a crash that seemed to bring down half the building with it, down thundered the vast stone staircase. The palace trembled from its roof to its foundation, the terrace upon which they stood was split from end to end, the parapet crumbled away in ruins, and fell in a shower of fragments into the street. Then, for the first

time, did this poor girl behold the grim array of the populace, frantic with excitement. Giulio Caraffa, forgetful of the doom which his own lips only a moment before had pronounced inevitable, staggered back for an instant, and then recovering his presence of mind, rushed with a sudden impulse to the edge of the terrace and waved his hand towards the crowd. The din was hushed for an instant, and every creature below gazed upward with awe and wonder. He rent off the coarse linen garb that had served as his disguise, and with the rapidity of thought, tore it into shreds, knotted the ends, and then sprung to the side of his trembling cousin.

“Eleonora,” he said, “let life be dear to you for my sake, take courage; you may yet escape.”

He fastened the end of his fragile cord to her dress, and even in that moment threw his arms about her and kissed her cheek, he

then swung her over the edge of the wall. Passing through smoke and flame in her descent, she was within eight feet of the ground, when the cord that sustained her had reached its extreme length, and he who held it paused for a moment doubtful what to do, for if he dropped it, his own hope of a descent by similar means was gone. A fresh gust of flame decided him ; he let go the cord ; Eleonora fell unharmed to the pavement ; and before she recovered her footing a heavy body dropped to the earth beside her. The fire completed its joyous ministry ; crash after crash followed ; the terrace, from which Giulio Caraffa had the instant before flung himself as the last chance of escape, fell inward ; and the palace of the Prince of Bisignano was a heap of ruins !

This singular feat of bravery, performed before the eyes of the populace enlisted every sympathy of their rude natures in admiration and pity ; and the crowd rushed

about them, uncertain whether one or both could have survived this hazardous experiment. Bewildered, and scarcely conscious of any thing that passed before her eyes, the lady was carried somewhat apart from the throng, water was thrown upon her temples, and when her intellect had partially returned, she perceived, bending over her, the same dark garb that had stood by her on the burning terrace.

"Hush," said a voice in the lowest whisper, "be silent and follow quickly."

Eleonora trembled for a moment from head to foot, and then springing up to obey the summons, hastened after the disguised figure as he pushed his way through the crowd.

"The palace of the Prince of Satriano is the next," he exclaimed loudly: the populace broke away, and Eleonora found a passage open readily before her.

To her surprise the masked figure made

his way directly towards the viceroy's gardens ; he paused for a moment to see that she was near him, and then taking a key from his vest, opened a gate, and when she had entered, closed and locked it after her. Taking her hand he conducted her straight across the garden to a small flight of steps leading down to the water's edge, and Eleonora there perceived an empty boat, into which her guide stepped, and placed her on a seat by his side.

“ Giulio, Giulio,” she exclaimed. But her companion started, placed his finger to his lips, and then suddenly pushing the light boat from the shore, he directed its first flight not above two hundred yards out to sea, and then turned it swiftly in the direction of the Mergellina. Flames still threw up their lofty columns along the land, but the shouts reached them more distantly and faintly, and as the boat sped onward, the whole city, with its terrors and its confusion,

was left behind them. As they shot past the Pie di Grotto her guide raised his oars, and paused for a moment to listen, the boat followed its impulse, and the calm rippling of the waters that it displaced was all that sounded near them.

He again resumed his course, and after creeping along about a mile, within a stone's throw of the coast, came suddenly in sight of a light that seemed to burn upon the water's edge. There was light enough in the heavens to show to Eleonora that the building to which she was approaching was a mere ruin. A series of low arches or cavernous chambers half filled with rubbish, stairs suspended by the accidental direction of their fall, the dim entries of passages piercing apparently into the very bowels of the earth, offered their gloomy features in welcome, seemingly more appropriate to the dead than to the living. The starlight gleamed over the mass of dilapidation, and

Eleonora watched the boat shooting under its arches without a fear, for it was a relief to her, under any terms, to know herself thus remote from the scenes then acting within the city.

In the mean time the light vessel grated against the walls, her guide secured it by passing a cord through a ring fastened in the masonry, and pointing to a narrow and steep flight of steps cut in the rock, invited her to land. Eleonora obeyed without hesitation, and after ascending a few steps found herself on a small open space, cumbered with various fishing implements, beyond which she saw the door of a cottage.

Uncertain of her fate, yet all confident in her guide, had he even pointed to her a path through the deep waters of the sea below, Eleonora pushed open the door of the building and entered: a light burned upon a table before her, but no step moved to meet her: she and her guide appeared to

be the only living creatures within the cottage.

"And now, dear Giulio," she exclaimed, "throw aside that disguise, that I may embrace and bless you."

A pause of some seconds ensued, during which the individual she addressed appeared embarrassed and in doubt.

"Giulio!" she again exclaimed impatiently.

The figure before her started, and in a voice whose tones, though subdued and tremulous, thrilled through her senses, as if the dead had spoken, replied,

"I am not your cousin, lady, I am not the Prince Giulio Caraffa, though not less interested in your safety than he is, and one who is far more effectual to save you."

So saying he threw aside his disguise, and displayed the flushed and agitated features of Marco Vitale. Scared and confused by the suddenness of her amazement,

Eleonora staggered backwards without the power to reply. She was pale and her limbs trembled, yet was there a sudden and soft radiance in her glance when she ventured to raise her eyes to his agitated features ; but the expression of those features was of a character so novel to her that her gaze fell abashed to the earth. Vitale sank down upon his knee before her.

“Lady,” he said, in tones of deep feeling, “fear nothing from me, for as God is my witness, I would do thee no violence, nor would I by word or deed do aught that should make thee blush at feeling thyself alone with me in this solitary cottage. I have risked my life this day to save you, and I chose this spot for your retreat, because it is remote from the horrors that are raging throughout Naples.”

The tones of his voice, like the power of an incantation, kept the senses of his listener suspended ; when they ceased she

raised her eyes to his countenance, and her glance seemed to kindle with a portion of the fire that beamed so brilliantly from his.

"Do I still dream?" she replied faintly, "was it you or my cousin Giulio who saved me from the flames and ruin of my father's house?"

The long lashes drooped for a moment over the fiery orbs of Vitale; he hesitated to reply, and his cheek was pale, as he at last answered, "It was the Prince Giulio Caraffa who thus nobly, thus heroically defied the raging of the flames, the falling of those formidable walls, the menaces of a furious people; his haughty spirit is formed to trample, not less upon dangers, than on the neck of his fellow-mortals."

Eleonora listened to this extorted tribute to the daring of her cousin with her hands clasped, her eyes beaming with triumph; but when the voice of the speaker ceased, she covered her face with her hands,

and her tears flowed without restraint. "He is truly," she replied at length, "a glorious, but a fearful being. Does he know of my flight hither? I thought," she added, and her words hesitated as she spoke, "I thought that some coolness existed between you and him."

A light was slowly breaking over the mind of Vitale. No one could read more readily than he did, the many sources of embarrassment which make the cheek pale and the voice tremulous, and his heart bounded with the conviction which was forcing itself upon him.

"He would have gibbeted my limbs like those of a common malefactor," he replied, "had your noble father permitted it. I am little likely to choose Giulio Caraffa as a confidant. But he is safe and unscathed. It would have been to me a far easier task to have this day meted out to him the doom he had intended for me, than to bring you hither."

"I am grateful to our Lady," replied

Eleonora, "that Giulio is safe, for I would rather have sunk beneath that burning building than have his blood on my hands. But to you," she added tremulously, "how can I prove my deep<sup>r</sup> and earnest thankfulness?"

"By believing, lady," replied Vitale, warmly, "that one of a lowly station, one little better than a slave in the world's esteem, is yet of the same flesh and blood as these proud and contemptuous men; that he can feel as keenly, act as daringly, and love as devotedly." He raised his flashing eyes to the cheek of Eleonora as he spoke, and remarked that that cheek each moment varied its colour. It had been crimson, and her eye had sparkled; it now became pale, and her glance downcast. Vitale felt that his words had moved her, and he ventured to seek the solution of many years of a wild and presumptuous passion. He stepped nearer to her side, and though every limb

trembled, though his blood had become so iced and tremulous as scarcely to retain sensation, he took her hand and was about to raise it to his lips, when he saw that she shrank from him.

“Listen to me, Eleonora,” he said in tones as gentle as it is given to the human voice to utter, “I seek not to persecute you; listen to me before you despise me, as others of your race have done. I have shared the same roof with you for years; I saw your slight form as it day by day grew into beauty; I heard your voice musical and gentle, making the prison of a gloomy fortress happy; I have seen tears spring upon your cheek when an angry look has cast its cloud over any one around you; I have seen your power over hearts cased in arrogance as in adamant; and oh! oftentimes when the despised scribbler has been sneered at or distrusted, I have heard your sweet voice plead for me; I have heard you warn

those whose station privileged them to scorn me, to be slow in judging evil of one who was friendless and helpless, for that distrust was wounding, and turned innocence to guile, as effectually as it withered up intellect and energy. I have seen you weep over the rebuke which this gentle mediation has brought upon you, and for this have I endured for years a slavery of mind and body. I have been silent when my heart was bursting; I gave up for years the energies of a proud spirit for the wages of a slave, that I might, on any terms, dwell under the same roof that you did ; that I might feed my eyes on your gentle form, even by glimpses and at long intervals ; that my bruised spirit might dream away its hope and its aspirings near you. I have endured all this with patience, I have lived, suffered, schemed that I might love you ; that some moment like this might

be given to me. Answer me in pity, Eleonora, for all this shall I be cast from you?"

Eleonora remained for some seconds mute and passive, her hand was raised to his lips, and then her eyes, tearful yet elate, were raised to reply for her. His emotions were no longer within his control, and he pressed her unresisting form to his bosom. And then was poured out the treasured passion of past years, the doubt, the watching, the jealousy, the madness; and he was listened to with tears, yet with a bounding heart that might also have made its own revelation ; she could have whispered of feelings that had crimsoned her cheek, that had peopled her dreams, sent her into solitude, and made happy many a starlight vigil beneath the tower that he inhabited.

Hours fled away, and were uncounted by the dreamers in the sweet delirium of an acknowledged passion. Vitale led her out into the starlight ; they leaned together

against the lower parapet which overhung the waves, and then for the first time there came a momentary shadow over the cheek of Eleonora, for she remembered how nearly similar, in external circumstance, had been her last interview with her cousin at the Capo d' Orso. Scarcely twenty-four hours had passed since then, and his image came so vividly before her, that a shudder passed through her frame, and she clung to the arm of Vitale for protection. To him, far more than to her, did this sudden and joyous scene appear rather a bright dream than a possible occurrence. That a creature so beautiful, so elevated above all hope, above his most presumptuous aspiring, should have loved him long and secretly, that he should have carried off such a prize from one whom, whilst he hated him with the most deadly hate, he considered raised above him in all things,

in station, in beauty of person, and in abilities, seemed to him utterly beyond credibility.

"Beloved one," he said, "you have rescued a proud spirit from its ruin; you have made generous and gentle a heart that was about to purchase vengeance at any cost; and the avowal of this night shall lead me to a career of glory. I will strive to be not less worthy of thee than he would have been. I will watch over his safety for thy sake. Think you that the haughty spirit of Giulio Caraffa would have considered you as aught else than a toy for his capricious intervals of condescension? a trembling and passive slave, during his moody dreams of tyranny and insatiate quest of power?"

"Speak not his name thus loudly, dear Marco," she replied, "for in his gentlest moods he is terrible, I know well the power

of his glance, of his deep tones when he is angered. I would rather sleep beneath these waves, than meet his countenance again."

The proud spirit of Vitale rebelled against the sway which the mere name of her cousin possessed over her, but he suppressed the reply that had risen to his lips "Wend we in, beloved," he said, "for it is growing late, and I must, for a brief while, leave you. This poor cottage must be your prison; it offers little more than calm and safety."

This first parting came bitterly and too suddenly upon a heart still beating with its recent avowal. Light was in the heavens before Vitale loosened his boat from the rock, and pushed out on his return towards Naples. The white dress of Eleonora was visible as long as the space between them would allow him to distinguish anything.

She then turned to hide a blushing cheek,  
and a brow radiant and burning, in the re-  
tirement of the cottage.

## CHAPTER X.

THE fearless conduct of the disguised individual who had ventured so opportunely to rescue a beautiful female from an appalling death, had for some moments enlisted the sympathies of the mob in his fate, and diverted their attention from the object of their attack. But the flames still rushed on to their conquest, and the handful of retainers who were cooped up within the blazing building, seemed resolved to perish in unyielding defiance.

When the portals of the palace of the

Prince of Bisignano were splitting with the flame, that noble had given order to pour another and a last volley of musketry amongst the crowd. He himself looked out eagerly to watch its effect; and when he saw numbers of the assailants cut down in the midst of their frantic gestures, he smiled contentedly, and then turned to his retainers and bade them follow him.

“The gates will fall in a few seconds,” he said, “and it were small wisdom to leave our bones beneath them.”

A place of meeting was whispered to one amongst them, and the rest were bid to seek each man his safety till times were quieter. He then led them through the back premises of the building, saw them fairly out into a narrow street which was empty, and himself plunged again into the courts of the flaming palace. Like one familiar with the pathway through the fiery element, the Prince of Bisignano trod the

area before him swiftly yet fearlessly. The principal staircase which led to his daughter's apartments was still standing, and whilst meditating whether to venture their ascent, a masked figure rushed past him, and sprung rapidly upwards. The solid stone rocked beneath the tread of that reckless venturer, and the Prince of Bisignano calculating calmly even in that terrible moment that his own additional weight must infallibly bring down the whole mass in ruins, but that the slight form of his daughter might yet pass over them, sent his voice loudly through the building, and called again and again to his child to come down, or her retreat would be cut off. No voice answered, but the fire roared around him, the smoke blinded him as it was whirled about in circling masses, now driven upwards as the currents of air rushed from the courts below, and now

ascending in gusts from some falling flooring in the smaller chambers above.

Though scorched by the flames, and nearly stifled by the smoke, he was not to be driven from the spot on which he waited to learn his daughter's fate. Each instant made her position more desperate. He had placed his foot on the first step, and was meditating the mad hazard of their ascent, when the whole mass shrunk suddenly, split and then thundered downwards. Amid a shower of blazing ruins, he was thrown to the earth, and before he could gain his feet, the vast terrace which connected the ends of the building, also fell in fragments. Yet of all this fearful ruin no stone injured him.

Bounding from the heaped rubbish, he passed again through the courts, and in a few minutes was in the open streets, and clear of the burning mass, when he paused, wiped the moisture from his blackened

brow, and turned with a quick step to fly, though apparently without any direct object; for after advancing a few paces, he suddenly stopped, gazed about him to recognise the part of the city he was in, and then turned in an opposite direction.

It is little to be wondered at that the scenes of the night had thrown the wary spirit of the fugitive off its habitual guard, and made him forget the peril of walking at such an hour through the open city. He continued his flight through the principal streets in the direction of the Castel Nuovo, regardless of the crowds that were abroad, and of the wild howling that followed him, until, at the corner of the Toledo, he came rudely in contact with a small knot of frantic rioters. They occupied the pathway that he would have chosen, and when he was abruptly throwing them aside, the insolence of a triumphant mob broke out in cries that speedily recalled his attention to

his position. He was surrounded, rude hands were laid upon his dress, and though a quick effort sufficed for his instant liberation, it showed the necessity of a prompt attempt for his safety.

"It is the Prince of Bisignano," said a voice, "seize him, he is the people's enemy!"

Caraffa dashed his way through them, and in the darkness was enabled to gain the main street of Toledo, and plunge amidst the dense multitudes that were moving upwards and downwards in such clamour and confusion as to render the loudest cries inaudible. At this period men's minds were turned rather to the exciting display of conflagrations, the assaulting of public buildings, and the ostentatious contempt of ancient authority; than to the cruel and sanguinary hunt after the heads of nobles. Hence the Prince of Bisignano was more easily enabled to secure his retreat through the crowds. The cry that would a day later

have directed thousands in pursuit, was soon lost in the more popular exultations over some burning palace, and the fugitive was unheeded.

The house towards which, after numberless windings through tortuous and dark streets, the Prince of Bisignano directed his steps, was a low, squalid, and crazy building, consisting of a single story raised above a deep cellar, which appeared to belong usually to a different tenant from the one who inhabited the house above, for it had a distinct entry, formed by a sort of trap-door projecting into the street, from which descended a narrow and steep flight of steps. This door was closed down, and the street itself was empty and silent. Turning the corner of the alley which opened into that in which the house was situated he had met, at intervals of forty or fifty yards, men loitering about, whom, despite their apparent indifference to his movements, he

instantly recognised as scouts. A brief signal of intelligence was exchanged between the parties, and he was allowed to pass.

On arriving at the tenement we have described, the whole of the upper part of the building was in utter darkness; a few rays of light forced their way dimly up from the splits in the boards which covered the mouth of the cellar, but were insufficient to attract the attention of the Carrappa, who directed his steps to the door of the building itself. Against this he threw himself with a violence which threatened to burst it from its fastenings. The sound passed harshly through the street, and was succeeded by a murmuring and ring of arms. Presently a fierce and stern command directed some one within to open ; the trap-door was raised and flung back, a stream of light poured upward, and a man of a frame and stature well competent to defend its

aperture, sprung up into the street. The light streamed full upon the person and features of the Caraffa, and after a moment's scrutiny, the man uttered a peculiar signal within the cellar, and beckoned his visiter to approach.

"This way, Illustrissimo," he said ; "you are ever welcome; you may enter, and I will keep watch without."

Without deigning a word of reply, the Prince of Bisignano pushed roughly past him, sprung down the stairs, and the door closed above his head. The cell into which he entered was black with damp, and the stains of smoke and filth accumulated from time out of memory ; it was arched over head, and the wine-stains that soiled both walls and ceiling, manifested that in its day it had not been without its interludes of joviality, in the career of that human misery for which it would seem the most appropriate home. The single individual in that

cavern when Caraffa entered, was seated, and leaned with his elbow on a table, the lucerna or brass lamp by his side, pouring its unsteady and troubled radiance upon his features, as he raised them to receive his visiter.

Not less wide was the difference between the sunny slopes of Amalfi, and the tomb-like melancholy of this cavern, than between the Perrone, the haughty and dashing robber, who trod those hills as their monarch, and the Perrone who was now seated, in sullen solitude, within this retreat. Still arrayed in the dress of his own mountains, his gun rested against the wall within his reach, and he was equally prepared, now as ever, for scenes in which his life depended on his own arm ; but the light of conscious power was dimmed within his sullen glance ; the quick impulses which every muscle of his active and powerful frame so quickly obeyed, slumbered within

him ; he was sullen, desponding, and ill at heart.

The rage which had smouldered in the bosom of Caraffa, through all the trying scenes of that night, now broke from him in uncontrollable vehemence ; every feature was excited ; his eyes flashed, his lip quivered, every limb trembled, and for some moments he was incapable of utterance. The calm look of astonishment with which the robber regarded him added to his passion. He stamped his foot upon the ground, and struck his clenched fist upon the table till it shook under the robber's elbow. Roused by this vehemence, Perrone raised himself from his seat, and drew a step nearer to his arquebuse. The intent of this movement was unnoticed by Caraffa, who continued to gaze upon him with a look which indicated a temporary insanity.

“ What means this ? ” he at last exclaimed fiercely. “ Traitor and felon ! what means all

this? Are you playing double between me and this rascally rabblement?"

Perrone gazed calmly on his excited countenance; a moment's a flush had come over his own cheek, a fierce light into his glance; but both had quickly passed away, leaving but a deeper shade of despondency and a paler hue in their place. The mood of Caraffa sympathized little with the robber's depression, nor did he pause to weigh the chances of a patient submission to his furious vituperation.

"False and accursed traitor!" he exclaimed again, but in tones more subdued and ominous, "have you no lie ready, no syllable of excuse? Has my palace been burned to the earth without your knowledge? Has your howling mob chased me hither without instructions? Do you take Tiberio Caraffa for some beggarly broker, some whining merchant, for safe game for you and your handful of cut-throats? Speak,

fellow, or you shall go to the grave with the lie stifled in your throat!"

The lip of Perrone quivered, and once during this fierce invective, he deliberately took a pistol from his belt ; when the voice of Caraffa ceased, he as calmly replaced it.

"These are hard words, my lord," he replied, "and addressed to one on whom you must well know they are bestowed idly. There have been times, and I have even now moments, in which prince or peasant would repent using such language to Domenico Perrone. But because you have been tried sternly I will do for compassion what I would not do for menace. I will answer your angry questioning with truth, and calmly. All this means, my lord, that Domenico Perrone has been used, and tossed aside ; friends have conspired against me, and their chief agent has found a fitter tool in the mad fisherman."

"You knave!" replied Caraffa, scornfully.  
"Say that you are turned coward, and fear

the shouts of the herd whose torches threaten to lay the whole city in ashes, and your language will be at least intelligible."

"Were I to say so, my lord," exclaimed the robber, calmly, "I should belie myself, and utter a wilful and incredible falsehood, as you do when you address such words to me. Nay, storm not at me, my lord," he continued; "if you have come hither to gage your life against mine you shall see how far I am a coward; but if you seek to learn the agency that has defeated plans that were laid with sufficient skill, and intrusted to hands that have sufficient energy, you have done well to direct your quest hither."

Caraffa's lip curled scornfully, but he did not take his glance from the calm and resolute brow of the speaker, nor did he interrupt him.

"As far as the attack upon your palace was concerned, I heard it read out in the market-place from a list furnished by Marco Vitale. I urged him, and afterwards Mas-

saniello, with no measured language, to remove it. Vitale curled his lip coldly as he heard me. Massaniello, in his boyish insolence, bade me be silent and beware! There were a hundred thousand listeners, and above all there was the withering and snake-like eye of Genuino fixed upon me. My hand was upon my dagger, but (believe it or believe not, my lord) my sinews were withered, my very spirit felt blighted as I had felt it twice before."

"Ay, the Malocchio again!" exclaimed Caraffa, in a laugh of fierce derision.

"Ay, the Malocchio, the evil eye," replied the robber, mournfully; "if it has no power over you, gives me the spell that secures your freedom, and I will bring you that old man's head before sunrise. But I tell you that it is no subject for mockery. Never yet have I felt its glare upon me, but the demon's curse has followed me. It has withered the strength of my limbs, it has foiled every scheme however secret, it has

pursued me with misfortunes, it has rendered me, as you now see me, broken in hope and spirit."

"And it has raised up the heart of a half-idiot fisherman above the leader of seven hundred bandits," replied Caraffa, jeeringly. "A truce to such dreaming! I tell you that there is a demon in my bosom that shall trample this old man and his silly tool into powder. They shall die; they shall die before dawn to-morrow! and there are others of a far different rank and blood that must die with them."

"Were he dead," replied the robber, and his eyes again assumed their customary glare, "I would undertake, on my salvation, to work out the matter as we agreed; but understand me, my lord—if you count on me to slay them I answer distinctly that I will not raise my hand against Giulio Genuino! choose another to despatch him, and the rest, be they who they may, I will undertake to deal with!"

"And to tell me when your heart fails you, or your blow miscarries, that the eye of that old father of all villanies was upon you?" replied the prince. "By my soul! I know not how further to trust you. Idiocy has come over every living creature within this city."

"Speak your wishes without further mockery, my lord," replied the robber; "there are men whom I have already marked out for speedy reckoning, and whether your list be added to mine or not, it will signify little. Whose blood do you covet?"

The question was a plain one, and was asked frankly; its very abruptness startled the unscrupulous Caraffa, who cast his glance to the earth, and remained for some moments silent. Perrone could plainly see that the crime on his heart was of a nature too deadly to be readily avowed.

"Who headed the mob against my palace?" asked the prince, musingly.

"Marco Vitale," replied the robber.

"Take down his name in thy memory!" continued Caraffa.

"It is already deeply graven there," was the answer; "the deed shall not weigh upon your highness's conscience. Whose name shall follow?"

Caraffa was still silent; his mind was evidently wandering from the scene before him, and the changes that flitted across his cheek revealed the contest that was going on within. "I am childless," he said; "what further link binds that insolent boy to my pity?—would he spare me? His head will be a choice offering to the daughter of the Duke d' Arcos! Take down the name of my beloved nephew Giulio Caraffa!"

Perrone, the professed bravo, started as the sound reached him.

"Your highness's nephew!" he inquired, and he staggered back as if his own name had been uttered.

"It needs no repeating," replied Caraffa ; "such words once uttered are not forgotten. See you to it. Let the deed be done this night, whilst the foolery is going on in the church of the Carmine. Leave Genuino to me, and if his glance has so much power over you, keep out of its range. Your prize is no mean one, Perrone, and seven hundred of your foresters need scarcely let so small a prey escape you."

The robber had again relapsed into a fit of musing, and Caraffa retained doubts how much of his dark scheme had been understood and assented to. Irresolute whether to leave the matter without further arrangement, and conscious that the darkest scheme in his bosom had been revealed, he remained gazing into the changing features of Perrone, and awaited the conclusion of his reflections. A quick shudder, which made his face pale as death, and passed through his whole frame, finished the robber's revery, and he then threw off his abstraction.

"I have understood perfectly, my lord," he said, "and you shall be well served. Scenes will follow that will soon blot out from men's memories so small a matter as a little bloodshed in a church. If you have nought else for my hearing at this moment, I will pray you to leave me, for the night's work will crave some small preparation."

The Prince of Bisignano smiled at the singular coolness with which his agent dismissed him, but without further hesitation rose, mounted the stairs, stepped out into the street, and quickened his steps towards the fortress of the Castel Nuovo. When again in solitude Perrone sunk into the seat which he had formerly occupied, and gave himself up to deep thought; he bent his head into the palms of his hands, and was long silent. After a while his heavy breathing, and the occasional tremour of his limbs, betrayed how violent was the agitation that his spirit wrestled with: he groaned deeply and then murmured,

“I have loved the boy through his whole life, I played with him in childhood, I have shared sports and toils with him in manhood, I have owed my life to him, and must I now slay him? Fiend as Caraffa is, calmly dooming his own flesh and blood to the assassin—even he did not name him. Alas! Maso! thou hast done unwisely in thus thrusting an old friend from thee! But he too has fallen under the spell of that accursed one; our destinies have crossed; he distrusts and suspects me; it is plain that his blood or mine must flow!”

## CHAPTER XI.

A second day of Massaniello's revolution was drawing to its close. From the first moment that the authority of the laws had been thrown off, a continued tumult agitated the entire city; the whole population streamed continuously hither and thither through its streets, the voices of multitudes were never for a moment hushed; no pause betokened an interval in the delirium of the public fever. If men lay down to rest it was by groups of tens and twenties in the open air, on the steps of palaces and

churches, ready to start up when any fresh trampling of throngs passed near them, or any sudden burst of clamour broke over them.

If there was a partial lull at any period which betokened exhaustion, it was during the blazing hours when a July sun shot its noon splendours amongst them ; but even then there floated above the topmost eminences of the city a confused murmur which showed how troubled was such rest. And so it was destined to be for months.

In the mean time something like an intelligible and practical system was developing itself amongst the movers of this seeming chaos. There was speedily found to be occupation and responsibility enough to be shared amongst those who had hitherto aspired to the first authority in the new order of things. Before sunset the self-appointed rulers had distributed the offices of the state amongst them, and steps were

taken to inform the people that there were still to be laws, and that they were to obey them.

Towards dusk workmen were seen busily employed in erecting in the front of the wretched hovel of Massaniello, in the market-place of the Carmine, a structure which, as it advanced, sufficiently explained its purpose. An area of some thirty or forty yards was marked out with a railing of woodwork, consisting of stakes about ten feet high, sharpened to a point at the top, and bound together by beams which secured from intrusion the space within. For what purposes these stakes were intended the reader will too shortly learn.

The centre of this space was occupied by a platform, the summit of which was brought to a level with the upper story of the house against which it immediately rested, and was about thirty feet above the ground. Around this platform there pro-

jected a ledge or gallery, sufficiently wide to admit seats for about twenty people, and separated from the platform by a balustrade which was continued down the rude stairs which served as its approach from the market-place. At this fabric workmen had been employed since midday, and by dusk it was ready for the startling use to which it was to be applied.

The first novelty connected with it was the placing against three sides of its outer fence the first edicts issued by the new leaders of the people. It was instantly remarked that there were but three signatures to these notices. The first informed his dearly beloved people, that Massaniello accepted the trust of captain-general of the people, and would keep his faith to them till death, and that he had named as his counsellor, the people's friend, the Padre Giulio Genuino. The signature attached to this document was a rude cross, and below

it was signed “Marco Vitale, secretary to Massaniello of Amalfi, captain-general of the people.”

The second edict, which, like all that followed it, had the signature of Genuino in addition to those above mentioned, announced the abolition of all taxes, and fixed the price of bread. A third contained a long list of the enemies of the people, whose houses and effects were doomed to the flames. It concluded with a warning to the people, like that given by Samuel to Saul, to go and utterly destroy all that they had, and spare them not; and the penalty of transgression was not less terrible,—death to any one who should lay hand upon money, jewels, or furniture, or property of any kind destined for the flames.

Genuino throughout this day had been busily occupied in the endeavour to simplify the machinery by which the operations of

traffic and public order were to be conducted. At the desire of Massaniello he had transferred his habitation to the cavern or cellar underneath the house where he resided, and which was in all respects similar to the lurking-place occupied by Perrone. When once this wily counsellor found with what amazing rapidity his views were effected, through every corner of the city, by the youth whose apparent apathy had the night previously overwhelmed him with a sense of misgiving in the great enterprise in which he was compromised, a complete change had come over his aspect and his energies; his keen eye flashed, his lofty forehead was imperative, his utterance clear and decisive, and his general presence instilled awe into all who approached him. From that wretched cell, surrounded by men who questioned nothing, but who sprung to instant obedience, he scattered his mandates through the remotest corners of

Naples, for the destruction of the palaces he had marked out, in communication with Massaniello ; he had emissaries every where, even in the ante-rooms of the Duke d' Arcos.

But though thus apparently the master spirit in the direction of this universal tempest, that old and practised intriguer felt that there was one whose personal energies and popularity raised him above him, and for whose elevation he was thus toiling. He knew also that the emergency had kindled in the spirit of the young fisherman talents and a genius equal to the times ; and the communications he hourly received through that day, from Massaniello, taught him to wonder and be wary.

Such were the reflections that late in the day caused him to give ready admission and secret audience to a masked figure, who solicited a moment's interview on matters demanding great secrecy. The person introduced to his presence was Giulio Caraffa.

His stay was brief; and when, his visiter left him, Genuino sent word to Massaniello that the true charter of Charles the Fifth was at last brought to light, and that it would be sent with an honourable deputation, headed by the Duke di Maddaloni, to be read aloud in the church of the Carmine, by the Cardinal of Naples.

To this communication Massaniello returned no answer, but soon after dusk appeared himself, unannounced, in the presence of Genuino. His associate rose from his seat and embraced him. The manner of Massaniello was much altered since they had last met. His mood was distant and haughty, and his voice raised when he spoke, so that it might be heard by those who crowded about the cellar. Genuino was a skilful searcher into the thoughts of those with whom he laboured. His keen eye, whose glance was so remarkable that thousands like Perrone believed it to have

a mysterious and fatal influence on the health and fortunes of those on whom its malign ray settled, was now fixed in anxious scrutiny upon the features of his youthful associate: but that frank and fearless countenance baffled his penetration.

The cheek of Massaniello was untinted by agitation, its clear olive was unclouded, his dark full eye was yet enabled to hide the deep secret that was within. It required a glance influenced by another feeling than that of suspicion, to read the mournful truth which was nevertheless already traced out upon his brow, in characters which a woman's eye read instantly. His mood was somewhat flurried, though every now and then thoughts cunningly suited to the changes working without poured fluently from his lips; these were succeeded by a fiery outpouring of hate and rage against the nobles of Naples, which lasted till the foam stood upon his lip from

excitement and exhaustion. Every word he uttered was passed from mouth to mouth through the thousands who thronged the square, and when he ceased to speak, the air trembled with the universal shouts of "Long life to Massaniello!"

The sound of his name thus re-echoed from the old buildings around, seemed to give him new strength, new dignity. He would gesticulate strenuously, though often-times his parched lip refused further utterance to his words. A trifling circumstance afforded a momentary solution to what had perplexed Genuino. Struck by his manifest exhaustion, a bystander had offered him food. Massaniello thrust it from him and called for wine. It was offered, with the little ceremony suited to his and their previous habits, in a flask; Massaniello raised it to his lips, and continued to swallow long drafts without taking breath. He with-

drew the vessel from his mouth with reluctance, and then offered it to Genuino.

The old man looked up into his countenance, and the expression he encountered prevented him from refusing it. At that moment there was a stir at the entrance of the cellar, and leave was asked for Domenico Perrone to enter.

"Ay, ay, Domenico," replied Massaniello, hurriedly, "come down; cold friends have been between us."

The robber descended the steps and stood before them. His colour wavered as he encountered the glance of Genuino, but Massaniello failed to notice any difference from his customary address. He threw his arms about him, his embrace was returned warmly for an instant, and then the arms of Perrone dropped to his side.

"Cold friends have come between us, Domenico," said Massaniello; "whispering

that thou wert jealous of thy old playmate because the people's choice has fallen upon him, and not on thee, to lead them. If I have believed this of thee may God forgive me! We have been old and true friends, and adversity has tried us, and never more than now did I need thy cool brain and bold heart to aid me. There is room in this city for thee and me. An hour hence the viceroy sends his nobles to meet the people's delegates ; will you stand by my side whilst they give up to us the charter they have so long withheld from us?"

The brow of the robber was abashed, and his glance would fain have sought the earth, but it was arrested by the scrutinizing gaze of Genuino. " You have distrusted me, Maso," he said at last ; " you have preferred friends of yesterday to the friend of your whole life ; was this done wisely or kindly? There is but poor support in the heart that has been slighted and wounded.

It were better that I guard the square than that I go with you within the church."

The evil eye of Genuino was again raised glitteringly upon his face, and the robber sunk a pace backwards and was silent. Massaniello approached and offered him his hand in all frankness. "He who has spoken evil of thy faith and friendship to me," he said emphatically, "and he who has pretended that I gave credit to him, has lied. Will this appease thee, Domenico? Are we good and true friends again?"

Perrone started, with all the vehemence of his native clime, from an extreme of gloom to gladness. "I will be true to thee, O Massaniello!" he exclaimed with an oath; "I will ward off danger from thee with my own bosom, and he who plots against thy life shall die by my hand! If I keep not this oath with thee may the people tear me limb from limb, and may demons have my spirit, as a traitor and a slayer of my brother!"

At this moment a loud and sudden outcry was heard in the square above their heads, and a confusion of voices in which Perrone, to his horror, recognised that of one of his own band, partly in entreaty and partly in anger with a determined populace.

"Drag him along, drag him along! it is Massaniello's orders! see to the edict!" clamoured a thousand voices.

"Spare me!" cried the robber,—"I am one of seven hundred true friends to the people; Domenico Perrone is Massaniello's friend."

The purport of this sudden violence reached the ears of Massaniello, for every cry rung through the chamber towards which the populace was hurrying. The effect upon the brow of the young fisherman was instantly to dispel the gentleness which had so marked his manner towards Perrone a minute previously; his glance resumed the wildness, his lip the decision, that had made even the heart of Genuino quail,

as he sprung up the steps and stood at the mouth of the cavern. He raised his hand—an instant silence fell over the whole multitude, and he found himself immediately facing a captive, habited in the garb of the robbers. His dress was much rent by struggles with a rough mob, and his face, though pale with terror, was not devoid of a sullen and dark purpose that brooded within him.

“What has this man done, my people?” inquired Massaniello.

“He has committed a theft in the palace of the Prince of Bisignano,” replied the multitude, in distinct and uniform response.

“Then away with him! he dies,” replied the youth, “he has had fair and timely warning; Massaniello has sworn before God to do justice, and he now swears it again openly before you all.”

His voice ceased, and as a dead stillness pervaded the multitude, there rose up from

the culprit a piteous and tremulous prayer for mercy ; but Massaniello stamped his foot upon the earth, exclaiming loudly and fiercely,

“ Hence, robber ! such men bring shame upon the people’s cause. Torches, my people ! to the block !”

The captive wrestled violently, disengaged himself from those who held him, and flung himself at the feet of his young judge. “ Spare me, Massaniello,” he cried, “ and I will tell thee of a scheme of treason ; Domenico Perrone—” he whispered, and the accents hissed through the chamber below, “ has plotted with Tiberio Caraffa to murder thee !”

“ Liar !” thundered the excited tones of Massaniello, “ away ! hence ! thy soul is perjured !”

He raised up the forefinger of his right hand, and passed it horizontally through the air before him. A loud shout followed, the

robber was seized, swung from his feet, and pinioned by the muscular limbs of dozens of his captors ; a score of torches threw their glare into his face, and he was hurried to the base of the platform we have described as built in front of the hovel. No further ceremony attended the wretched man's exit from that troubled scene ; his head was struck from his body, and placed upon one of the tall stakes which formed the fence about that platform, and the trunk was cast amongst the mob. Such was the first bloody trophy of the power of Massaniello, and a solemn earnest of the manner in which it was his determination to use it.

When Massaniello descended again to join his associates he found both of them pale as death ; the glance of Genuino, terrible as it was to others, was cowed and bent earthward. The brow of Massaniello had again assumed an expression of dubious import, between abstraction and calm.

"An hour hence I will meet thee, Domenico," he said: "till then, take thy rest here or elsewhere, as best pleases you. And you, father," he said, addressing Genuino, "take good heed that the nobles out-wit us not."

Thus saying, Massaniello quitted the chamber, and made his way to the uppermost story of the house. Genuino breathed deeply when the step of the young fisherman was no longer heard above them.

"These are sharp measures, Domenico," he said in a tone so low as scarcely to reach the ear of the robber; "we have chosen a youth of good courage for our leader! It were well if you profited by the lesson he has just taught you, to root out the tongues of those of your men who belie you as that knave did, or mischief may follow it."

"He lied," replied Perrone, suddenly, "and has paid the forfeit."

"Doubtless he lied," answered Genuino,

" but if Tiberio Caraffa should fall into the hands of the people, think you not that the words of the knave may prejudice his highness?"

The cheek of Perrone grew again pallid, and his lip quivered. The glance of Genuino searched deeply into his very spirit, till no doubt remained on the subject of his suspicions. "Perrone," he said solemnly, "we have toiled together, and I would not willingly see a sad fate overtake you so suddenly. Your secret is told—that traitor spoke the truth—and if you hesitate, your head will be the second to ornament the tribune of Massaniello. You must fly or—"

" Slay him," added the robber desperately.

" Even so," replied Genuino; " who shall stay his finger when uplifted? think you that your seven hundred, minus one, are a match for his two hundred thousand of this mad populace? You have brief time for

doubting. If this deputation of the nobles do homage to him as they will do, his foot will be as firmly planted upon their necks as upon ours, and thenceforward his rule will be absolute amongst us. You must learn to read a little deeper into the meaning of his words. He has assured you of one hour's mercy. Is not this as intelligible as if he had said fly or perish?"

"I will not fly to become a laughing-stock to the wide world—a fair mark for every coward's dagger!" exclaimed Perrone, fiercely.

"I urged not thy flight," replied Genuino; "thou hast a band that is brave and numerous, though not over trusty; thou hast a powerful friend in the Caraffa. I know not how far such means may place thine own destiny and that of this unsettled city in thine own hands."

"He has thrown us from him too soon," replied the robber; "the folly is on his

own head, and so be the consequences !  
Where is Vitale ?”

“ I know not,” replied Genuino; “ but he too must be looked after. I doubt not he will be in the church of the Carmine with the rest ; if either quit that church to-night, no earthly power can save you ; and be not surprised if my voice joins in the general cry that will clamour for your head.”

“ And may the block have it,” answered the robber, fiercely, “ if they do !”

Genuino without rising from where he sat, without any emotion of visible joy, held out his wrinkled hand, in token of fellowship in this accord of blood. Perrone felt his very heart shrink from this proffered touch, but as if in spite of himself, by an attraction that was irresistible, his arm elevated itself slowly, and he took the cold withered palm of Genuino into his hand. No further word passed between them, but Perrone turned and left the chamber.

## CHAPTER XII.

LONG and tearfully had the young wife of Massaniello watched for his return, on the day whose events we have nearly recited to their close. The secret source of the terror which oppressed her she scarcely dared to whisper, even to her own heart; yet there did it lie like a burning mystery, defying removal and solution. It was now dusk; she had listened throughout the day, to the jarring of saws and hammers, and had marked the erection of the tribune, whose platform was on a level with one of the two

chambers of which her poor habitation was composed ; she had watched the changing scenes of that tumultuous square, and her heart died away with the terror of her own troubled forebodings.

The sudden and appalling shout that had attended the execution of the robber had brought her to look out again upon the multitude, and she had witnessed that fearful scene to its conclusion. Sick at heart, yet holding all terrors as of little account compared with the single dread that lay coiled up like a sleeping snake within her bosom, she went again inward, to resume her anxious watching for the coming of her husband. His step so long listened for did at last sound upon the stairs ; she dried her eyes ; a forced smile lighted up her features, she threw herself upon his neck, and with accents of a strange joy, welcomed him.

Her embrace was returned wildly and passionately for some moments, when sud-

denly he drew backward as if some thought had stung him. His wife gazed up timidly to his face, and too well did her eye mark the ravages which only two brief days of excitement and fatigue had wrought in it. A deep black circle was round his eyes, but the orbs themselves had no longer the lightsome and gay sparkle that had hitherto defied fortune and her frowns. A wild unsettled radiance had succeeded it, which gave to his features an expression of doubt and vagueness ; his cheeks were thinner ; his limbs had a tremulous and starting movement ; he gazed around the chamber, and when his glance fell again upon the cheek of his wife, into which the tears had struggled in spite of all her efforts to subdue them, it fell to the earth as if rebuked.

“ What sought you, dearest ? ” she asked in tones of gentleness that well knew their way to his heart. “ You are come, I trust,

after so many hours of unrest, to seek repose with your poor wife?"

"I sought food, gentle one," he answered, but it matters not. Have you wine?"

"I have neither, my husband," she replied sorrowfully; but I have loving arms to invite thee to rest, which has oftener in times past restored thee than food."

"Have they left thee here, poor girl, since daybreak, whilst thy husband toiled for them, without a crust to pass over thy lips?" he asked angrily.

His wife threw her arms about him and pressed her parched lips to his forehead; "wert thou with me, my husband," she said, "I would need no other sustenance; I have learned long abstinence; famine has lost its terrors for me, but thy absence kills me!"

Massaniello sunk back into a rude seat, and pressed his hands to his forehead. Pre-

sently his sobs filled the air about him, and his frame trembled with the excess of his grief. Pallid and immovable as a corpse did his young wife stand over and watch him, making no effort to interrupt this outburst of overwrought feelings; for, with the innate and tender knowledge of a woman's love, she felt that such tears would bring relief.

"Ursula!" he said at length, "this whole city shall be thine; thou shalt go out from these wretched walls, and nobles shall serve thee. Thy cheek is pinched and worn, beloved one; yet a little more patience and the trial shall pass over us. Have voices told thee that thy husband's life is in jeopardy? Believe them not! my people love me; all men love Massaniello: the hand would perish that was lifted against God's champion!"

"I fear not that any arm will be raised against thee, my husband; but, forgive me

if my words trouble you,—your health will break down with many more such days as this. For this night at least leave me not alone. No suffering could make my lips murmur, but this solitude peoples the very air about me with hideous phantoms.

“I will come back to thee at midnight, Ursula; for till then may last the solemn ceremony of the proclamation at God’s altar of the people’s liberty. There will be the Cardinal of Naples, the Duke di Maddaloni, and Genuino, and Perrone, and your husband: thus would men honour me! and they shall do homage to thee too, beloved one.”

“Oh, beware, my husband! listen to a woman’s counsel,” she replied. “There are still good men in this city, who may help thy inexperience with such learning as the times need; but why choose the two men thou hast named? Believe me they are not honest! far sooner would I seek counsel

of his Eminence, or of the noble Duke di Maddaloni! proud as they are, they would scorn treachery. But I speak foolishly," she added, for she marked the cloud gathering upon his brow—"you know all these things far better than I do. Go, if thou so willest it, I will pray on my knees for thy safe return! Hast thou the scapulary, dear one? It has saved you from many perils. May angels watch thee, my husband! at midnight thou wilt return? Two more hours of solitude and darkness! but I will not murmur, since it is thy will!" Drawing aside his rude vest to see that the image of the Virgin hung there, she received his last embrace, and he departed.

For some minutes she moved not from the spot in which he had left her; her eyes gazed fixedly against the void before her; the tears which, with an admirable self-command, she had controlled till now, burst forth freely, and she sobbed aloud. No pen

may describe the terrors of the dark thoughts, the darker forebodings that passed through her mind during the first moments of this fresh vigil. She shook away her tears, for she fancied they dimmed her vision, and gave the colouring of death to the frank bright countenance of her husband, which she seemed still to see upon the threshold of the chamber. It was a relief to feel assured that the space before her was a void; even then her eyes sunk to the floor as if in search for the traces of his feet. She shuddered as some darker fancy succeeded to those she had chased from her, and then threw herself on her knees to pray for his safety from the dangers which her excited imagination and affectionate forebodings had conjured up.

“I could have seen his frame shrinking,” she murmured, “health fading from his cheek, his beauty, and youth, and strength perishing, and I could have borne it! but

alas! his fine intellect is shaken. In a few more days he may not know me; he will gaze upon me as a stranger; the tones of my voice he will have forgotten. Oh, holy Mother! how shall I bear this? spare him, spare him! turn aside this affliction from him and me! Wicked men have got him within their snares, they have laid on him a burden beyond his strength. Like the best beloved of thy Son he is a simple fisherman, unused to the guiles of designing men; they have made the love that all men bear him a snare to his feet; they have persuaded him that he has the wisdom to rule a kingdom; that knowledge is given him to heal the wounds of a suffering people; and he sees not that his cheek grows thin and pale, that his limbs tremble, that his mind wanders in this fatal delusion. Oh, God, just but most terrible! spare him, for he has hitherto worshipped thee through his whole life, cheerfully and truly; spare

his reason, and let those who have misled him bear the weight of thy displeasure."

A sound like the rustling of heavy garments at her side startled her. She sprung to her feet and beheld the tall form, the evil countenance, of Perrone, the robber, standing with his arms folded, his head bowed down, and watching her. A dark suspicion of the motive of his coming flashed instantly through her mind, as she stepped forward and stood fearlessly before him; but he made no attempt to meet or to avoid her; her glance rested for a moment on the deadly weapons in his girdle, and then sought his sullen features in anxious scrutiny. His cheek was pallid, his lip tremulous, and his brow contracted as if with sudden suffering. "Whom seek you, Domenico?" she asked, in her customary gentleness of tone, "such visit is unusual, and your coming needs not such studied caution of step and movement."

Perrone lifted his eyes for a moment, and gazed intently into her cheek. A slight blush tinted it, but her glance shrunk not, nor did the slightest tremour of her frame betray any emotion of personal fear.

"I sought your husband, Ursula," he replied; "the position he now holds as the people's ruler must make his home open to us all!"

"He has but now left me," she answered, "and is gone I know not whither. Is there aught in which I can serve you?"

Perrone was silent and embarrassed, and as that young creature, after a lengthened scrutiny of his features, laid her hand upon his arm, the rude frame of the robber trembled through every limb.

"Domenico!" she said in a low and unsteady voice, "you found me upon my knees. I was praying to my Maker to spare my husband's reason through these awful scenes, to restore him to us as he used

to be. He loved thee, he has been thy friend when others strove to warn him against thee. I have heard men say, Beware of Domenico Perrone, for he is a traitor! and his answer has ever been, that if thy speech were hasty, thy heart was loyal. And now that danger is on all sides of him wilt thou not stretch out thy hand to save him?"

"Ursula," replied the robber, "thy husband may have told thee that I loved thee before he knew thee; he stepped in between us, and drove me an outcast upon the world. What can he have since done to shake the bondage in which my spirit has been bound to him through life? Though he deeply injured me, though he trampled out the only feeling that might have saved me, though there was more of pity than of affection in his heart for me, yet he alone of the whole race of my fellow-creatures loved me! thinkest thou he still does so?"

"He is changed, Domenico," replied that poor creature, tearfully, "oh ! how changed within a few days ! He is changed to me, his wife ;—wonder not if his mood seems altered to others ! Surely he would again love thee were his mind at rest. But his bright intellect wavers, and if these troubles last, his heart must break, or his reason leave him. Crafty men are goading him to madness, for their own dark purposes ; men like Genuino and Vitale are calling out for blood."

"His own heart thirsts for it, Ursula," replied Perrone ; "before many days are past the market-place will become foul, like shambles, with human blood. He has this day made a beginning, and his victim has been chosen from amongst his friends. My head may fall next, and if his madness lasts, so too, Ursula, will yours."

Ursula staggered at the ghastly apparition conjured up by this terrible prediction.

"My life," she replied, "is even in his hands; he may take it when he will, and God knows how readily I would lay it down to rescue his from the dark fate that overhangs him! But no, no, poor Maso may lose health and intellect, but he will never raise his hand against me! Is madness, think you, more bloodthirsty than famine? and this we have suffered together, and our love has strengthened. My voice would control his worst fever more easily than does his slightest beck the thousands of this furious populace."

"Be it so, Ursula!" said Perrone,—"God protect thee in the hour of thy trial! Let a friend counsel thee; keep thy chamber; go not to the meeting in the church of the Carmine, for he will be busied and unable to protect you from the violence of the unruly crowd."

The glance of the robber was cast down, his voice tremulous as he uttered this cau-

tion ; and having uttered it, he turned without a word of farewell, and quitted the chamber.

### CHAPTER XIII.

WERE we to seek spots made memorable to posterity as the scenes of those sudden bursts of enthusiasm which, from time to time, have poured the radiance of great glory over the annals of mankind, our search must be not less varied than are the characters of nations. Inscribed on solitary rocks, rugged as the spirits of their frequenters, on the damp walls of natural caverns, gloomy as the purposes that were whispered within them, should we find the

records of the early meetings of their country's liberators. Such, amongst the sterner spirits of our race, have been the spots chosen for the conspiracy, the battle, and the triumph. But turn we to the annals of softer climes, of more impetuous actors—to Italy and her fiery sons—and we find the great movements of the people, not originating in the bosoms of a few reflecting and gloomy spirits, but in the sudden and simultaneous impulses of a whole nation, which sought no solitudes, but hurried fearlessly before God and his saints, to make them the witnesses of the hardships they suffered, and of the fury of their resentment. Hence would it be impossible to point out any event of a national character unconnected with their cathedrals or popular temples.

The venerable church of our Lady of the Carmine had witnessed many such scenes, and it was now decked out as if for the an-

niversary of the *fête* of its patron. All the pomp of the opulent brotherhood to which it belonged was lavishly produced, to add splendour to the solemn ceremony about to take place within its walls, and which was destined to form an epoch in its annals memorable for ever.

It has been incidentally mentioned that the first money afforded to equip the leaders of the popular movement had been furnished by a brother of that monastery. The sum was insignificant, but the circumstance may serve to show that the spirit of the friars inclined to the popular feeling. It is supposed that many of them mingled in the crowds, and assisted in scenes little suited to their professional calling. The frequency of disguised figures mixing with the people, might have favoured their doing so; and the splendour which their superiors determined to diffuse over the ceremony appointed to celebrate the triumph of the people, had no tend-

ency to discourage the political excitement which had found its way amongst the confraternity.

Rich hangings decorated the walls, massive silver candelabra were placed about the altar, thousands of waxen torches were already lighted, banners waved through the church, and the eye encountered the startling novelty of seats clustered round the throne of the cardinal, and tables with writing materials upon them in the very sanctuary. Every bell in the convent sent forth its sounds over the city, calling all men to witness the solemn ratification before God's altar of a new compact between the nobles and the people. The doors of the church were still closed, and hundreds of thousands were waiting impatiently for admittance. The names of Massaniello, of Maddaloni, of the Cardinal, and the Duke d' Arcos were on the lips of all men; they felt that their triumph was complete, and

that the scene in preparation was the first step to the return of order. Great agitation in the mean time pervaded the councils of the Duke d' Arcos, and the Castel Nuovo exhibited scarcely less bustle than the market-place of the Carmine. This wily statesman, who had gained courage as his counsellors lost it, who suited his conduct, from the first moment of the revolt, to the circumstances, which none studied more acutely, and none understood better, was about to hazard a new and most daring experiment upon the credulity of the populace.

Finding that the outcry for the production of the charter of Charles the Fifth, which regulated the taxes and other matters of interest, gained ground hourly, that his continued asseverations of ignorance of the very existence of any such document were treated as wilful falsehoods, he had at last caused inquiries to be made amongst the learned in antiquities, touching the possible

discovery of this charter, and the source whence the people derived the knowledge that it still existed.

He was told that during the viceroyalty of the Duke of Ossuna, Giulio Genuino had had access to the public archives, and that he was the most likely, of any man in the kingdom, to furnish information respecting it ; that it was not, however, difficult to conjecture, from the tone assumed by the leaders of the mob, the general purport of this imaginary document. Half-persuaded that some such charter might be mouldering amongst the muniments of olden times, he had caused diligent search to be made for it; but when all efforts for its recovery had proved fruitless, little doubt remained in his mind that the whole story respecting it was a fiction of Genuino, and he watched anxiously to see the use that was to be made of this popular delusion. The first fruits of the outcry had been the attack and

capture of the Torrione of St. Lorenzo, and the same demand afforded the only answer with which each succeeding attempt to treat or pacify was met.

His doubt thus confirmed, the Duke d' Arcos saw plainly that all that remained to him was to make terms with Genuino, and secure his forbearance, before hazarding any further experiment upon the people. When this was accomplished there remained but to satisfy the outcry for the charter; and this a slight exercise of ingenuity and effrontery effected: the people were informed that it had come to light;—not the document that had before been offered to them,—modernised and modified editions of charters which time had corrupted,—but the real and true charter, with the sign manual of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, copied in letters of gold, and with the picturesque Gothic characters of the time. A parchment of venerable and antique tint, blazoned with

the armorial bearings of Spain, had been submitted to the examination of Genuino; the eloquence of the viceroy prompted the convenient memory of that aged politician; and after mature pondering, he declared that it was the same precious document that he had known of old, and that he would give his conscientious testimony to its authenticity.

It had been appointed that this sacred record was to be produced in the church of the Carmine, in presence of the cardinal and the delegates of the people, by the Duke di Maddaloni, the only noble who yet retained any shadow of popularity. The moment for the hazardous scene of this solemn mockery was at hand, and the Duke d'Arcos summoned his council, that they might attach their signatures with his to the deed, swearing in the sight of God to maintain inviolate the people's rights, as therein enumerated. To give additional respectability to this im-

posture, all the great functionaries of the state had been convened, and after the Cardinal Trivulzi, the governor elect of Sicily, had bestowed his benediction upon it, it was handed to the Duke di Maddaloni, who was charged to read it aloud to the assembled people, and then to swear upon the Gospels, for those whose names were appended to it, faithful observance of its contents, or to such portions of it as might be adopted into the new charter which the people had declared their intention of forming upon it. When this previous ceremony was concluded, the Duke d' Arcos stepped forward, and addressed the princely messenger who had undertaken this embassy of peace and peril.

“ Duke di Maddaloni,” he said, “ it is known to all men that a coolness has been some time between us, and if I have misjudged of your intentions in times past, I beseech your pardon ! You are going on a

solemn mission as mediator between our king and his faithful people. Inform them, we pray you, as we will ourselves inform His Majesty King Charles, that we give true and sincere belief to their professions of loyalty; that we are willing in all things to lighten the burdens which the necessities of the state have made heavy upon them; and that what shall be this night sworn to shall be maintained, as these knights and barons value their oaths and honour, and as we all hope for salvation. The love the people bear your grace is well known to us, and we trust the matter with all confidence to your loyalty. Let the past be forgotten between us, and the future shall prove how the state can honour its most faithful servant."

The Duke di Maddaloni received the document, without reply, from the hands of the Duke d' Arcos, and prepared to quit the castle. Giulio Caraffa had stood by his father's side during the performance of this

pompous comedy, no feature of his countenance revealing any trace of the awful scene in which he had that evening been engaged, or of the peril from which, as if by a miracle, he had escaped. A sneer, tempered with a passing smile, had passed over his countenance, as the voice of the Viceroy became more emphatic in its delivery, and when it concluded, he prepared to accompany his father from the castle.

Small time was wasted in preparations ; a few personal friends of the Duke di Madaloni volunteered to attend him ; and seldom did knight or noble sally forth on more hazardous adventure. Giulio Caraffa was about to follow his father across the drawbridge, when one of the Spanish soldiery slipped a paper into his hand. The young man started as he received it, gazed for a moment into the features of the man, tossed back the paper in his face, and passed on.

The spectacle offered to the eyes of the

Duke di Maddaloni, as he that evening rode through the city, has been related by an eyewitness, and in his words we will give it to the reader.

A cloud of smoke ascended above the blazing roofs of the noblest palaces, the furniture and ornaments of the most sumptuous chambers were in a blaze, and the treasures collected by the ancestors of the noblest families of the kingdom, through a long series of generations, were in a few hours consumed by the devouring flames. A people, ragged and barefoot, clustered about these conflagrations, as if in assistance at a sacrifice of expiation. Not so much as a pin was stolen from such heaps of riches ! At every step were met bands of the populace, rushing in all directions, offering themselves boldly against the host of Spanish soldiery who had gained fame in the most celebrated battles of Europe, ready to meet them face to face without fear, and not only to resist, but to con-

quer and capture them. Even the very women were armed, and forming themselves into companies, like the men, they renewed amongst us the example of the ancient Amazons. The horror of this spectacle was increased by an uproar which it was difficult to imagine. Guns fired incessantly, drums were beaten, every bell in the city pealed out its loudest, and above all, pouring out from the gaping throats of hundreds and thousands came shouts, shrieks, and uproar. Certainly, any one dropping unexpectedly into the midst of the city at this moment, would have said it was peopled by devils, and not by men.

Such was the aspect of the city in its earliest, but by no means worst stages of delirium ; such it was as witnessed by the Duke di Maddaloni and his companions, as they made their way, with what order and speed they could, towards the square of the Carmine; but far different—far grander, was

that spectacle, seen from the terrace of the Castel Nuovo, whither the Viceroy and his daughter repaired, to watch their progress as long as they were distinguishable from the chaotic elements that surrounded them. The vast floating volumes of smoke which were wafted in currents through the streets and squares were scattered as they mounted into the upper air ; the din of so many strange sounds became also less stunning before they reached the distant eminence on which they stood; but the bright sheets of flame that cut through the horizon, the gorgeous explosions in which numberless articles of combustion were whirled in thousands of different shapes through the air, lost none of their splendour from remoteness. So multitudinous were the fires which blazed from the corner of each street, in addition to the burning palaces, so countless were the torches that flashed like meteors about the city,

that every part of that strange spectacle became as visible as it had been during daylight.

The brow of the Lady Victoria d' Arcos had undergone a change since she had last stood by her father's side on the same spot. Every feature of her fine countenance gave evidence that her haughty spirit had been humbled, and that her heart, elevated as men judged it, above the usual feebleness of her sex, had been deeply wounded. She gazed abroad upon the scene before her in silence. As long as the cavalcade of the Duke di Maddaloni was within view she leaned forward over the parapet to watch them. As the last torch was lost by a turning in their direction she drew back, a tear stole down her cheek, and from that moment her features betrayed little interest in what passed before her.

The mind of the Duke d' Arcos was too

much occupied with his own thoughts to notice the impression produced on the feelings of his daughter.

"If this notable scheme fail, Victoria," he said, scarcely removing his glance from the direction which the cavalcade had taken, "what can human ingenuity have recourse to next?"

His daughter made him no answer : the purport of his question seemed not to reach her perception. "Think you that the Duke di Maddaloni will deal sincerely by us?" he asked.

"It is useless searching into my thoughts," she replied sorrowfully. "You take counsel of men whose schemes are so tortuous and terrible that they defy the intelligence of all who reflect honestly. They will outwit you, and God grant they may outwit themselves ! I take no further interest in these matters ; I warned you as long as I thought warning useful ; henceforth I have bitter

food for my own thoughts, without mingling in such counsels."

The Duke d' Arcos turned his glance in compassionate yet deep scrutiny to the features of his daughter. A silence of some moments intervened, and he then replied sorrowfully, "It is with you, my child, as with us all; you see far more clearly in the affairs of others than your own. Think not that I wish to hurry your confidence, Victoria; but remember that a parent's counsel is likely to be a kind and a sincere one, and that a vigilant eye has generally little to learn in matters that regard a child's happiness."

Victoria d' Arcos bowed her head, and the tears took their course freely. The hour was not yet come for her proud spirit to own its weakness, and to seek sympathy even from her father. Her mind was not one readily to bend to its trials, or to seek to pour out its confidence, and least of all would she

have selected the cold, calculating heart of her parent for a tale of lacerated feelings. The very words she had just listened to, though probing deeply to the source of her sorrow, and sounding like an invitation to her to seek solace, were considered rather as a proof of his skill in detecting her secret, than as evidence of his sensibility ; and she was not surprised, when she raised her eyes to his countenance, to see that he had relapsed into reflections upon the probable success of the mission of Maddaloni. He quitted the terrace, and retired to his cabinet.

Once more alone, Victoria d' Arcos strove to recall, not the purport merely, but the words, the very tones of her conversation with the young Caraffa, and her cheek became crimson when she contrasted her own frank and vehement pleading with his guarded replies, his unimpassioned manner, and his cool evasions; and then followed a remembrance which drove the colour from

her cheek, and stilled instantly the hurried beating of her heart. "It is too true," she murmured, "a fairer image has chased away all recollection of me and of the past. I have pleaded to him in tones that he will judge sternly and cynically, as I have heard him judge others. He has forgotten his boyish vows, the tears he shed at our separation, and he will esteem my words unmaidenly and bold. I have abased myself, and been repulsed. He retains just feeling enough for me, mingled with the pride of his own reckless nature, to plunge him into the snare laid for him and his father, to urge him to his ruin in haughty defiance of an insane mob. But he shall not perish thus ignobly."

She pressed her hand to her forehead, and after a few minutes her brow regained its composure, and her features the proud serenity which so rarely left them. She too quitted the terrace, but for a purpose very different from her father's.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE cavalcade appointed to attend the Duke di Maddaloni, was such as would seem far more in character with the high standing of that noble, and the monarch whose interests on a great emergency were intrusted to him, than with the strange assembly to whom he was commissioned. Every effort had been made by the Viceroy to impart splendour to his final mission, with the hope that even yet the eyes of the poor fisherman might be dazzled, and his courage shaken. Orders had also been sent to the

Cardinal of Naples, to add all that ecclesiastical pomp could supply for effecting the same purpose. But accident, with a singular opportuneness, furnished a spectacle of the people's power and their leader's activity, which effectually convinced Maddaloni, and those who accompanied him, of the futility of hopes based upon the *prestige* of ancient lineage and glittering appointments.

The cavalcade was yet remote from the Piazza of the Carmine, when the heralds who preceded it were brought to a stop. It was in vain that they claimed "place for the noble Duke di Maddaloni, on business of moment from the Viceroy;" equally useless that they varied their style for an appeal more condescending, and prayed the good people to make way for "the golden charter of Charles V. and the friend of the people, on a message of love from the Viceroy."

They were listened to without any mani-

festation of impatience ; on the contrary, there broke forth now and then, from those of the crowd who were nearest about them, a few *vivas* for the Duke di Maddaloni, but this applause was not general. The cause of the stoppage soon became apparent, for to the astonishment of the nobles they perceived that the customary outcries that accompanied every movement of the throngs was hushed, the paved street shook with the heavy dull tramp of barefooted multitudes, and a continuous stream of people, stepping together, began to approach them. It now wanted but an hour to midnight; but time was no longer matter of interest to the actors in this great national spectacle; the hours of day or night had ceased to divide the business of life into portions of toil and rest; system had entered into the proceedings of the crowd, and they executed them in unison. The scene that now succeeded to a long day of successes was the mustering

of all their forces, and their passing in review before the eyes of their youthful leader, in order that he might divide them into separate bands, thus rendering their labours more effective, their masses more disposable.

Massaniello had found this division a matter of little difficulty, from the mere nature of the force. The city had been hitherto divided into Ottine, of which there were twenty-nine, and it was found advisable in order to save time, to adopt the same division in the organization of the great national force. In doing so the apparatus and mechanism were ready for his hand. The Duke di Maddaloni perceived that the ancient banners of each Ottine, the men who had been attached to them, their leaders who on days of solemnity had been charged with maintaining order amongst them, had fallen at once into their places without delay or confusion. Accident con-

spired to give the scene its full effect on the mind of the Emissary, for he had scarcely reconciled himself to the stoppage as unavoidable, and turned to watch the arrival of the crowd, when the head of the column came in sight. A blaze of light accompanied it, rendering distinctly visible every appointment which attended it. There was not yet any attempt at uniform of dress or arms ; the foremost thousands, however, were all selected from the craft of fishermen, and a truly formidable appearance they presented. They were bare-legged and bare-armed, with slight linen garments scarcely hanging about them, and red caps on their heads, from which fell long tangled masses of hair; their flesh was blackened with smoke, their features wild with long watching, excess and excitement. It was easy to perceive from their demeanour how fully they appreciated the pre-eminence which

their young leader had achieved for his class.

At the head of this column had hitherto marched, barefoot and clad like the commonest of his followers, the youthful champion of this resolute array. As he approached the spot occupied by the Duke di Maddaloni, some one stepped up and whispered to him of their presence.

"We would willingly believe that the Duke is the people's friend," exclaimed Massaniello aloud; "bid his Grace step in front."

A pathway was opened with the speed of thought, amongst the densely-packed masses, and the Duke di Maddaloni found himself side by side with the young fisherman.

"Our faithful people," said the latter, "are bound to the church of our Lady of the Carmine, to judge their own cause, to see with their own eyes the sacred charter of Charles V., and to declare their rights before the world."

"And we are bound thither also, my young friend," replied the Duke, "to swear on God's altar to the maintenance of such rights as shall be this night agreed to by you, as the people's leader, and by the Cardinal of Naples for the King of Spain ; and may God and our Lady grant that this meeting of all true Neapolitans may be the beginning of new and happier times!"

"May God and our Lady so grant it," was the reply, "and Massaniello will return happy to his boat and his fishing-nets. Move on with us, my Lord; you will thus find your path the clearer."

The Duke and his company of nobles accordingly fell into the space left clear in the middle of the street for the column, and the whole mass got again into movement towards the market-place of the Carmine. When they arrived there, the nobles took their stand on the steps of the church. Massaniello himself crossed the square and sought

his own hovel. It was a pardonable vanity in the youth who had raised himself to this giddy and perilous eminence, to desire to pass under review the formidable array he had called into being, and it was a slight satisfaction to the fond and fearful wife who had mourned over the sacrifice of her husband's health and peace, who clearly fore-saw the doom that awaited him, to witness this proof that a whole people shared the same perilous enthusiasm, and that whatever the forfeit might be, he was at that moment the ruler of the entire city. The window of the upper story of Massaniello's house was thrown open, and he led out his young wife, as yet free from terrors, upon the platform. A single skull, gory and horrible, was planted upon one of the stakes that surrounded it; but it was not visible from the summit on which he now placed the trembling Ursula, in full sight of his vast array. An extended ocean of agitated people

waved below her, she grew dizzy, and would have fallen, but that Genuino, who stood a pace behind her, opened his arms and supported her. He led her with the gentleness of a parent back to the interior of the building, and laid her upon her couch.

Massaniello meanwhile leaned over the parapet of his platform, and was waving a naked sword above his head; what words he uttered reached the ear of no one, for the whole populace as one man raised up their voices in deafening acclamation. The space immediately beneath this tribune was occupied by a numerous band, which may merit the reader's notice and excite his pity in passing. They were habited in a costume which even then might have indicated the purpose for which they had enrolled themselves, and by which they were destined to achieve a revolting notoriety. They were dressed in black, and masked, and their garments were decorated with emblems

of death. They had selected for themselves the title of "The Società della Morte." It is with pain we must add, that amongst this terrible brotherhood was enrolled the illustrious name of Salvator Rosa; and it is but a poor satisfaction to know that in this character he failed to obtain the celebrity which attended his exertions in all of the many other extraordinary pursuits to which he gave himself.

Strange as it may appear, this corps was composed entirely of men dedicated to the fine arts, men eminent in poetry, music, architecture, and chiefly in painting. It requires a familiarity with the disgraceful history of the court intrigues and party tyranny which signalized the artists of those days, to solve this sanguinary enigma. These men were enabled, by the wealth received from the royal treasury, by the munificence of the princes whose palaces they lived in, to equip themselves in far different guise

from their associates in revolt. They were well, and in many instances even splendidly armed ; and if their patriotism was proof against any partiality for the palaces in which their own works existed, it will not be suspected of any weakness in favour of the nobles whose wealth had enriched them.

But there was, besides the “Società della Morte,” a body of men forming also a part in this menacing procession, who, disdaining any masquerade, however imposing, formed not the least formidable part of its array. It was the band, seven hundred strong, of the robbers of the Abruzzi. At their head was Domenico Perrone, famous for many deeds of daring and cruelty, but chiefly remarkable amongst the Neapolitans for the success with which he had held at defiance, during many years, the attempts of successive viceroys to capture or destroy him. With what intent he mingled that night in the ostentatious array of Massaniello’s followers

the reader is already acquainted. Every man of this well-appointed corps was armed with a gun and dagger, and habited openly in the costume of his calling, which was not as yet looked upon with distrust.

No one was better aware of the important part he was about to enact in the scene in contemplation than Massaniello. What the multitudes regarded merely as an imposing display of their own numbers, he viewed as a triumphant completion of his mission, and it remains to this day doubtful whether, had not the events of the night been interrupted in the treacherous and bloody manner they were, he would not, as he declared, have laid aside his yet unstained sword, and retired to his boat and his fishing-nets, to earn as hitherto his daily bread. When the opinion of Genuino had been conveyed to him of the unquestionable authenticity of the charter so suddenly brought to light, he paused for a moment in reflection, a cloud

settled upon his countenance, and it was thought some vague suspicion had flashed through his mind. His answer was judged remarkable, for one who was so unlearned and simple that he was even unacquainted with reading or writing.

"Let the people judge of it," he replied. "It is a matter of too great moment for such as I am to decide upon. If the writing contains a protection against their rulers' injustice, and secures to them such rights as they are in arms to gain, I demand no more; we will swear to maintain it."

He then named such as he chose to accompany him to the church of the Carmine to receive the charter. Amongst them were Genuino, Perrone, his relations and personal friends, and the leaders of the Società della Morte, including Salvator Rosa. As soon as the immense mass of the people had marched past his dwelling in review, to the number it is said of one hundred

and fifty thousand men, he took leave of his wife, and declared his intention of going to the church. To his surprise he found that young frail girl resolutely bent upon repairing thither also. He offered no obstacle, but when they stepped into the square, he beckoned to those nearest to him to accompany her.

"Place me where my husband will stand," she said. "I have stood by his side at our Lady's altar before now, and he will do his duty not the worse for having the eyes he loves best upon him."

As she ascended the steps of the Carmine the crowds for some moments blocked their passage. The force of Perrone had taken possession of all approaches to the church, and were busily employed in thrusting back the multitudes who pressed too eagerly forward for admittance. The attendants of Ursula met with as scant courtesy as others; the butt end of a musket was

pointed against her bosom, when one of her attendants, an old fisherman from Amalfi, roared out with a voice of thunder—

“It is the wife of Massaniello, Ladro Infame! stand back or thy head may seek company with thy fellow thief on the stakes of the Tribune.”

At the mention of this name a rough hand thrust the robber aside, and Domenico Perrone himself stepped forward to offer his aid to clear a pathway. Even at that moment the quick perception of Ursula, fearful of all things, detected symptoms of unusual agitation on the countenance of the robber. She gazed fixedly into his features; they were pale and troubled, and his bold and fierce glance sunk abashed when it met hers. She paused, and her first impulse was to force her way backward to seek her husband, but the people had closed in a dense mass behind her, and no way was open but the one before her. “May God and our

Lady and all good angels preserve him!" she murmured audibly, and then suffered herself to be led into the church. The blaze of lights dazzled her for a moment, and her spirit quailed when she saw the imposing display before her.

On one side of the principal altar was the throne destined for the Cardinal Filomarino, but that throne was yet empty, for the good old man, charged with the chief responsibility of the approaching effort to pacify the people, was on his knees at the altar. Torches blazed around him, and the sacred Host was exposed above him. On the altar lay the book of the Gospels, on which both parties were to pledge their faith to God. On the right-hand side of the cardinal, also kneeling and occupied in prayer, was the Duke di Maddaloni, and near him were grouped the remainder of the nobles, with faces whose usual arrogance was in some measure subdued by the solemn-

nity of the scene. The countenance of the young Prince Giulio Caraffa, however, was sorrowful and stern, and his eyes were fixed upon the majestic figure of his father. There were not during all this time above five or six hundred persons in the church, the greater part of whom were the followers of Perrone. A sudden clamour in the square, and the vociferation of the name of Massaniello, produced a stir through the whole building. The cardinal rose from his knees, and was conducted by the Duke di Maddaloni to his seat. At this moment the doors of the church were thrown open, and a general rush took place amongst the populace to procure entry. Some hundreds did secure admission, but after a few minutes the doors were again shut, by order of Massaniello, to exclude the noise which irreverently filled the church.

Attended by Genuino on one side, by Perrone on the other, Massaniello, still in

the ragged garb of a fisherman, with a drawn sword in his hand, advanced with a light quick step, a flurried and pale countenance, up the centre of the church, towards the throne of the cardinal. His garments brushed against the kneeling figure of a female as he advanced; it was that of his young wife, but Massaniello observed her not: fervently did she pray to Heaven to aid him at that moment, and never did mortal stand in greater need of Heaven's aid.

It was a strange spectacle to remark how the eyes of all men, of the nobles, prelates, and populace, gazed into the features of this boy champion, sole arbiter of the destinies of so many thousands, as he walked up the nave of that ancient temple, upon an occasion so solemn.

When he reached the altar he threw himself prostrate before the host. A dead silence, suspending the very breath-

ing of the assembled multitudes, lasted whilst he lay upon his face in prayer. When he rose his features were elated with the thought of the scene he was then acting in the sight of angels and of men. His followers declared that a radiance, descending visibly from the sacred elements that were exposed upon the altar, had settled upon his brow. He gazed for a second down the body of the church, and then walked with a firm slow step to the side of the cardinal. Seats had been prepared for him and for Genuino, and a table was spread, and writing materials were placed upon it. At this moment a slight confusion ensued in the church, and Marco Vitale, with a face pale as death, an agitated step, and limbs tremulous and faltering, forced his way to the place that had been left for him. Silence then ensued, and the cardinal turned and took from the hand of Maddaloni the fa-

mous charter whose mysterious characters were to work the miracle on which the peace of the kingdom depended.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE parchment was unrolled, its golden characters displayed, and then Massaniello gave earnest of his sincerity in the scene. He raised the sword which he held above his head, and turning towards the people who occupied the lower parts of the church, exclaimed in a loud and clear voice,

“Behold, the charter is found ! our good pastor has brought and offers it to us!”

A suppressed murmur followed his words, and then was heard a voice which was not traced, exclaiming—

“ That is not the true charter of Charles the Fifth, but its shadow!”

The countenance of the aged cardinal became pale with terror, and he turned and whispered eagerly into the ear of Massaniello. When he ceased that youthful leader again raised his voice so loud that its tones rang through the whole building.

“ Fear not, my father ! this misguided people knows how to distinguish the bounty and honesty of soul of your eminence from the wiles and dissimulations of the Duke d' Arcos ; but I am here ready to bear testimony with my blood to your candour and innocence; and if in defence of your sacred person it were necessary to turn this sword against my own people, I swear that out of love to you, I would do so with good will.”

“ My son,” answered the good cardinal with tears in his eyes, “ believe me this is in truth the veritable charter of the Em-

peror Carlo V.; but that the people may be persuaded of the sincerity of my proceeding, let those who are delegated by them for this purpose examine narrowly the document, and I am well content not to move hence until they are persuaded of the truth of my word. I lean not more to the cause of these nobles than to yours; but as your pastor and common father, I am ready to give my blood and my life to save my country from the abyss into which it threatens to fall."

A deep interest had attended this striking scene, and the nobles had drawn nearer about the person of the cardinal. Massaniello stepped a pace in advance of his companions, and had thereby placed himself immediately next to Giulio Caraffa.

Unobserved by all parties, the young wife of Massaniello had mingled in the group. Notwithstanding the solemnity of the scene, and the sacred character of the place, a

foreboding of evil had crept into her heart, and she had unconsciously drawn nearer to the side of her husband—so near that young Caraffa alone stood between her and him. When the voice of the cardinal ceased, she perceived a look ominous and stealthy pass between Perrone and Genuino: the face of the robber, though desperate, was pale as death; whatever meaning that look conveyed its purpose evidently staggered him, and he appeared embarrassed and reluctant.

No one had watched the scene before him with more interest than Giulio Caraffa. He remembered well the gentle features, the fairy form of the young bride whom, a few years before, Massaniello had brought in triumph from La Cava to Amalfi; he had not seen her since then, and he was touched by the ravages that sorrow had made upon her sweet cheek and gentle form. Her eye had more than once met his, and he was struck by the conviction that some cause of

suspicion was agitating her. Suddenly she recollect ed him, her dark eye flashed with instant confidence, her lips moved, and though no sound passed them, that look sufficed to direct his glance to the features of the robber, between whom and Genuino he had marked a mute intelligence that convinced him of some meditated treachery.

Massaniello turned his back upon the robber, with intent to beckon Genuino forward to receive the document, and at that instant Perrone, bringing his gun to his shoulder pointed its muzzle with the speed of light at the person of Massaniello, and its report rang sharply through the church.

The shriek of Ursula was as sudden and far more startling; but that wild cry was suspended. Massaniello stood pale, indeed, and scared, but unharmed! the hand of Giulio Caraffa had struck the deadly weapon upward, at the very moment of its discharge, and his grasp was upon the

throat of Perrone. But the death signal of several thousands had been given ! A band of seven hundred desperate bandits was compromised : they had possession of the church, and despair made them resolute. A rush was made from all parts of the building towards the altar, every gun was fired with more speed than precision, the shots whistled over the heads of the nobles, and fell in showers upon the altar.

The shout of “ Tradimento! Tradimento!” now rung loudly through the building. Massaniello burst away towards the entrance: the explosion of this treachery had reached the populace without, who rushed as one man against the doors, dashed them to atoms, and filled the church. The scene that now ensued defies description, and might make the blood of the reader curdle. Genuino alone stood composed in the midst of the uproar. Death to the bandits became the general cry, and those wretched beings,

offering such resistance as one man might offer against hundreds, were trampled, beaten down, stabbed, torn limb from limb, and in the course of a few minutes the pavement of the church and the steps of the altar were strewn with corpses. One man is reported to have climbed upon the very altar, and clung to the crucifix, when one of the long knives of the maddened multitude struck him to the heart, and spilled his blood upon the very vessel which held the host.

Roused from the momentary stupor which succeeded his failure, Perrone struggled violently for his life, and he was far more powerful than the youth who held him. Giulio Caraffa, who was soon shaken off, finding all effort to detain him hopeless, placed himself by his father's side, and took no further part in the fray. Perrone, to whom every portion of that building and of the monastery attached to it were

familiar, bounded past the altar and disappeared. Maddened by this deed of treachery, and urged on by Massaniello, furious at the attempt upon his life, the populace, calling out loudly for blood, the blood of the assassins and perjurors, rushed with one accord upon the group of astonished and terrified noble who stood around the person of the cardinal. They had no weapons with which to resist, and it would have been hopeless amidst such confusion to plead for compassion.

Massaniello was the foremost to lead on the crowds that were now rushing against them ; his eyes flashed with rage, the sword he held was bloody to the hilt. When he waved it above the head of the Duke di Maddaloni, that noble quailed not, nor did his cheek grow the paler ; but it was not a moment when dignity of brow or composure of courage could avert the blow of

men in such delirium : the sword was raised to strike, when young Caraffa bounded between them.

“ Strike me first, madman,” he exclaimed. “ My arm saved your life; my death would be a deed more worthy of such as thus pollute God’s temple.”

“ Spare him, spare him, my husband!” exclaimed a voice which even at that moment had the power to disarm his fury. “ He says truly, his hand saved you.”

Massaniello lowered his weapon ; one wave of his hand hushed the storm about him ; a guard was placed to protect the nobles ; and the youth then called aloud for Perrone. As he turned again furiously on his search, his glance fell upon Genuino.

“ Stay here, Massaniello,” he said, “ or these men will be slain, to the great scandal of a good cause. I will find out the murderer.”

Numbers hurried after the steps of  
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Genuino, who without hesitation led them through the choir behind the altar, and thence into the monastery. Perrone in the mean time had rushed towards the cell of a poor monk, the kitchener of the brotherhood, whose slender purse had furnished forth the meagre contribution to the equipment of the boyish rabble who had undertaken the first scene in this revolt. The poor man was at his devotions when the robber burst into his cell.

“Save me, father!” he exclaimed—“men seek my blood! save me!”

The monk whose privacy was thus suddenly invaded was not of a character to risk his own safety for that of any one. Seated at the small window of his cell, with his breviary in his hand, a lamp upon his table, and with the more cumbersome parts of his monastic garb laid aside, he was passing his time between a dreaming recitation of his office, and listening to the

mingled cries that loaded the heated air. The abrupt entry of the robber, a personage known less for good than for evil, even to those who were most partial to the popular cause, roused him effectually from his musing. He turned with the ever ready benediction, but the scared countenance of the intruder suspended the words upon his lip. Little explanation was needed to render fearfully manifest the evil service that the fugitive had rendered him. At the moment he would as willingly have seen the livid pestilence rush incarnate into his cell.

"I am no person to protect thee, my friend," he exclaimed hurriedly; "fly hence in God's name! what help can these withered old limbs offer to any one? this cell has no hiding-place; if you need an asylum, fly hence and seek it in the sanctuary!"

A loud clamour, the trampling of hurried feet, and fierce bursts of execrations, coupled

with the name of the robber, drowned any answer that Perrone may have made.

“God help us!” exclaimed the poor friar, “your enemies are on your heels.”

He looked about the cell in despair. It contained, as he most truly said, no nook of refuge; but painted upon the white wall at the foot of his bed, was a picture of the crucifixion, and with the impulse natural to one of his profession, he spread himself along the wall, and extended his arms in a devout embrace of the sacred effigy.

Perrone sent his gaze in rapid search around the chamber, but it was in quest of some weapon with which to protect himself. There was none of any kind, and he folded his arms with the calm of despair, and fixed his eye upon the door. In another instant that fragile barrier was dashed open, and the doorway blocked up by his pursuers. Mad as the attempt would appear, Perrone sprung forward to force his way through

them. The foremost of this furious mob were borne back for an instant, and the robber succeeded in making his way into the corridor into which the cell opened. The sight of hundreds beyond them, and the yells of fury that met him, showed how utterly hopeless was his attempt. He turned and rushed again into the cell, his pursuers followed him, their knives gleamed around him, the very warmth of their breath was on his face, when, to the astonishment of those who were nearest, he sprung with a fierce and determined bound clean through the open window.

His body fell heavily into the court below, which at that moment was empty, and to one acquainted as he was with the thousand of retreats which that building, like all similar ones, contained, there might have been yet a chance of escape; but the wretched man had struck his head against some stone projection in his fall, and lay insensible. When

consciousness returned, he found himself utterly powerless; both his legs were broken, and the blood streamed in torrents from a ghastly wound above his temples. While he glared wildly about him, and presented an aspect that might have excited the pity of any heart in which such sentiment had dwelling, the roofs of the colonnade, surrounding the quadrangle, were speedily peopled with the seekers of his blood. It is little wonder that senses bewildered by terror and intense pain should conceive the idea that his spirit had passed to the expiation of his evil deeds, and that the shrieks, savage and terrible, that rung in his ears, were uttered by the fiends to whom such ministry was intrusted.

Perrone had raised his head, and lay leaning upon his elbow; he continued to gaze upwards, but answered nothing to their threats. His respite was of short duration, for the multitude found their way into the

cloisters, and a band already stained with the blood of recent massacres, and headed by Genuino, surrounded him. For the last time the eyes of these two accomplices met, and in death as in life the malocchio of the priest retained the power of its fascination. Perrone glared up into his countenance, and though nearly blinded by the blood that deluged his face, he recognised him, raised his hand, and beckoned to the old man to stoop down over him;—but Genuino exclaimed with an aspect of well-affected horror—

“ Away with him! death to the assassin!  
let his head be a warning to all traitors!”

Historians mention that he received numberless stabs and gashes, but it was the long knife of a butcher which at last despatched him. He died with the secret of his foul associate untold ; his head was hacked from his body, and within a few minutes was placed upon a stake, and carried forth into the market-place.

In the mean time the scene that ensued within the church was one of not less bloody atonement. The cry raised was "Death to the banditti, and to the nobles who have deceived us! Death to the foreign soldiery!" And the measures taken by the order of Massaniello were such as to promise a fearful accomplishment of this sweeping sentence. The city gates were shut, and for the first time orders were issued that no one under penalty (with Massaniello there was now but one penalty, that of death) should pass outward or inward without the written permission of Genuino. Every individual wearing the dress of the bandits, one up to this time associated in the minds of all men with fidelity to the people's cause, was massacred without mercy: they fled away in all directions, seeking their customary sanctuaries, but were struck down even at the altars of churches, the usual refuge of the worst criminals.

In its outset this revolt had been bloodless, for the mind of its leader was by nature merciful and gentle; in a few instances only had he taken life, and then it was to punish crime and to secure order. But from this time forth the disposition of Massaniello, and the character of his government, underwent a fearful change. The streets speedily became strewed with corpses and puddled with blood; every portion of the countless troops that overran the city carried aloft severed heads for their banners; and the leader who had been so gentle in his nature, so simple in his aspirings, that he had associated with children at the commencement of the revolt, and had armed his followers with reeds, became a stern, suspicious, and bloody tyrant. If the remainder of his career is to be described with fidelity, the reader must pardon the frequency of scenes of blood, and remember that Massaniello, though he re-

venged cruelly, had been most perfidiously assailed.

Few situations can be imagined more terrible than that of Giulio Caraffa and his companions. Occupying a prominent position in the church, standing on the same spot which Perrone had chosen for his mad attempt, accused of being the instigators of the treachery, without arms to defend themselves, without a possibility of retreat, they became the natural objects of the popular fury. It was not to be expected, in the scene of wild confusion that ensued, after the flight of Perrone and the arrival of fresh avengers, that the service rendered by the young Caraffa to Massaniello would avail to save him or his party. The first rush of the people had been towards their trembling group, and hundreds of weapons gleamed around them.

The person of the cardinal was respected,

though his voice was raised in vain to arrest the massacre, for some of the bandits were butchered at his knees, and whilst clinging to his vestments. The Duke di Maddaloni, who had been the chief actor in the scene which was now considered as one of premeditated treachery, would seem to be the readiest mark for the weapons of all men; yet in that fearful moment did he and his son find a protector. Several of the nobles were slain around them, but they were spared.

The wife of Massaniello, a feeble and terrified woman, might have been pardoned if amidst the horrors of such a scene she had forgotten the saviour of her husband's life; but it would be ill portraying the generous, the gentle, the most heroic character of that young female, were we to represent her thus unworthily. Without the hesitation of an instant, she threw herself before the young Caraffa, and proclaimed loudly that he had

saved the life of her husband—of Massaniello! Many of that impetuous mob threw their arms about him to embrace him; others growled angrily as a victim was snatched from them. How long the energies of Ursula would have sustained her through that scene, and continued their protection, was a subject of anxious conjecture to such of the nobles as owed their safety to her repeated intercession; for her cheek was flushed, her limbs trembled, and she leaned heavily for support against Giulio Caraffa.

At this moment, to the surprise of all, but principally of Giulio, who instantly recognised him, Marco Vitale sprang forward to their rescue. The storm rolled past them, and in a few minutes, when Genuino returned with his band, and their bloody trophy, the head of Perrone, all hurried away from the church to join in the search and the massacre without.

It was a pitiable termination to a solemn

meeting, convened, we would fain believe, in good faith. That the Duke d'Arcos was cognizant of the intended perfidy, historians have not been wanting to assert; that he loudly and solemnly disclaimed any such knowledge, the reader will not be surprised to learn. His German and Spanish guards were slaughtered wherever they were found, and the Società della Morte, then giving the first proof of the ferocity which had suggested the name they had assumed, scoured the streets with a fury fully equal to that of the lowest of the populace.

The name of their leader, Giovanni Aniello has come down to posterity with the twofold fame of a bold assassin and a skilful artist. In one instance at least he eclipsed the renown of the remarkable individual whose name we have so often mentioned. But the share that Salvator had in the atrocities of this scene may be conjectured from the precipitated flight, the con-

tented humility, and the attempted concealment which followed his flight from Naples, long before the conclusion of the revolt. Many deeds which gave grave matter for reflection and remorse during the hours of his retirement, lie hidden beneath the veil which, happily for his fame, the confusion of the time has spread over all traits of individual conduct.

## CHAPTER XVI.

IT is time that we recall the reader's notice to the tenant of the Presepio, the solitary hovel on the sea-side. After the departure of Vitale, Eleonora retired within the cottage; but, though wearied by a series of terrors and fatigues it was not to sleep. Her first reflections were all joyous. Love, that had been timidly hidden so long within her bosom, had waked up to sudden conquest. The blush had been scarcely called to her cheek, the tear had scarcely betrayed her weakness, when all doubt vanished, and

her triumph was complete. Her lips still glowed ; her heart still fluttered ; for the print of other lips, the pressure of another heart, bounding like her own, had left inefaceably the sensation of the embrace which had sealed the avowal of her love. A soft and glorious light was thrown over the first golden hours of her solitude, as her thoughts glided away from one recollection to another ; contrasting the utter hopelessness of the passion she had nurtured in the pensive solitude of the Capo d' Orso, with its sudden and unexpected triumph. But as exhaustion mastered her excitement, these exquisite musings gave place to reflections of a different and far graver character.

The image of her cousin came again before her, not any longer with the proud brow, the imperious lip that claimed homage and defied rivalry, but with the calm, grave expression that it assumed at times towards others, so seldom towards her. His dark

and penetrating glance seemed to have settled, not reproachfully but sadly, upon her features, and she fancied she heard the deep tones of his voice questioning her. The slight, the scarcely perceptible blemishes of his noble nature were forgotton; the tenderness with which he had watched over her for years, the lofty and high-principled control which he had ever imposed upon each word and look during his brotherly intercourse with her ; the frankness with which, whilst he urged on her eloquent and gentle counsel, he laid bare and deplored the infirmities of his own temper, rushed upon her memory with bitter distinctness.

The language of love was become intelligible to her, and she remembered how delicately, yet how constantly his affection had pleaded. His love had been of no sudden or stealthy growth; it had not sprung upon her in a moment of excitement, overpowering judgment by the vehemence of its

profession, but manifesting itself by a tender vigilance over the purity of each thought, a generous forbearance in her moments of weakness, a timid and respectful homage, whose tendency was to elevate in her own estimation, the prize to which he ultimately aspired. And she had now cast him from her for ever ! She had stolen from him the just fruits of his patient toil; she had heedlessly left him to the bitter discovery of his abandonment, without warning or farewell, and had pledged faith and honour to one comparatively a stranger !

Other apparitions peopled the wretched chamber of her retirement. The noble and grave countenance of the Duke di Maddaloni became distinctly visible before her ; he seemed not aware of what she had done, but bid her go, as was his custom when his son's temper was ruffled, to sooth and bring him back amongst them. She next beheld a countenance which brought a far gloomier

change over her musing; it was the flashing eye, the bent brow, the flushed cheek of her father. The utter scorn with which that arrogant man looked upon such birth as Vitale's, was well known to her; the full consequence of her abasement flashed upon her mind at once; she closed her eyes as if to shut out the vision, and felt her very heart withering away with terror. Utter exhaustion at last brought sleep mercifully to her rescue, and love, whose empire is a dream, whose votaries are all dreamers, reassumed his power; her features became again calm, a smile settled upon her cheek, a world of glorious and soft illusions floated through her brain, and the terrors and regrets of her waking hours were forgotten.

Daylight was blazing around her when her sleep finished, and as she gazed about that desolate chamber, it was some minutes before her recollection of the scenes of the previous day explained her own position.

To her astonishment she found that she was not alone. By the side of a small open window, and busily occupied in making or mending fishing-nets, sat an ancient, deformed, and withered being, who seemed to have outlived twice the ordinary period allotted to human life. The reader was introduced to this individual in the opening chapters of this book. More than ten years had elapsed since the events then recorded, and the interval had not added to the personal attractions, or the mental suavity, of this ancient woman. The few hairs that she had then upon her head having dropped away, leaving her long ears unpicturesquely prominent, she had adopted the expedient of supplying nature's deficiency by a red worsted cap, that fitted tightly over her head, imparting a most extraordinary tint to the yellow skin on all sides of it. Her chin rested upon her knees; her eyes were scarcely distinguishable from the relaxed lids whose folds drooped over

them; her fingers, knotted and crooked, plied their intricate toil, not without dexterity, but sluggishly, as if their movements were directed rather by the visible effect these movements produced, than by any sensation which the touch of the twine imparted to them. Such had been her occupation for hours, and excepting now and then, when she looked out upon the glittering waters of the bay, or turned towards the still figure of the sleeper, her attitude had not altered.

When Eleonora moved on her bed at waking, this aged woman shuffled up from her seat, and approached her. Her vision was apparently dim, for she bent her face nearly to the face of the maiden, as she strove to look into her eyes. But if sight had faded on those aged organs, the small glittering orbs themselves had lost none of the intensity of their brightness. Hideous, nay disgusting as were the mouldering fea-

tures of this living mummy which were brought into such displeasing contact, Eleonora strove to meet them without shrinking.

"A painted and pretty butterfly!" she muttered—"its colours smeared, its wings torn! a dainty toy truly for fingers dabbled in blood—the blood may be of father or brother! Are you not the daughter of the Duke di Maddaloni, child?" she asked querulously.

"No mother," replied Eleonora in tones of ill-feigned disgust; "of his highness's brother, the Prince of Bisignano!"

"Of Tiberio Caraffa," exclaimed the crone, raising the shrill tones of her cracked voice. "Such as you his daughter? You dream child! your silly wits are wandering! sleep, sleep on till nightfall! I shall make you no mirthful company!"

And so saying she turned away to seek her seat, muttering in words that conveyed

little import to the understanding of her hearer. "There was never such a crime without its punishment. I have lived many years, and it is ever so ; crime begets crime, and man begets his own avenger. It has been no deed of mine, and sink or perish, my hands are free from it."

That day was to Eleonora what has been not inaptly termed a "big day;" its hours were long and dreary ; within their space seemed compressed the duration of many. She rose, and after a few attempts to conciliate the unsocial and unattractive sharer of her retirement, gave herself to a patient and dreary vigil. The blazing noon went by, and night gradually but most reluctantly withdrew its summer glories from sea and sky. She watched its last beams dying away in purple and crimson tints upon the western waves ; she saw the sharp blue outlines of the mountains grow gradually less distinct ; while a haze, like visible darkness

moved towards her its impenetrable and wide column, from the opposite islands of Procida and Ischia.

She still waited, until the chamber became so dim that she could scarcely distinguish the crouching figure of her companion from the other objects it contained, and then ventured to descend the staircase, and seek the open air. She found herself in a small enclosure which terminated on the terrace, raised about thirty feet above the water. The stars beamed gloriously above her, giving light sufficient to enable her to perceive that a high wall enclosed her on the land sides, and that the terrace on which she stood was a tongue of rock advanced into the waves, which spread away into the darkness.

Her glance was sent eagerly abroad into the dark void. There were no longer any torches upon these waters, for the ordinary business of life was suspended by the scenes

that were acting on shore. The murmur of distant voices reached her confusedly, but the ripple of the gentle waves against the rock below, a sound familiar to her from childhood, brought mournfully over her memory the dear friends of past years, and her own act, which must estrange them from her for ever; and she seated herself upon the low parapet, to watch and weep.

Hour after hour had thus passed away. Occasionally, as the night advanced, she had seen distant objects moving upon the waters, and had sprung up in wild delight to welcome them; but each in its turn had shot in its swift course towards the distant city. The tears dropped from her eyes, altering the proportions and tints of all things, and conjuring up a succession of strange illusions, which made her distrust the very objects that most immediately surrounded her.

Wearied out at last with the monotony of

the dull sounds and the darkness, she was about to cover her face with her hands, and so shut out all things from her view and hearing, when a sparkle at the very verge of her glance's limits, like the radiance of torchlight broken upon the disturbed waters, caught her attention. She sprung to her feet, a small dark object lay upon the waves; it bounded nearer and nearer with magic swiftness, and its course was in a direct line to her feet. It was a boat propelled by a single rower, and her very heart fluttered within her bosom when it stayed against the building, and she recognised the form that she had watched for so long—that of Marco Vitale.

Unable to control her emotions, and indeed scarcely to comprehend them, her first impulse was flight. She found that her aged companion had lighted a small lamp, and was standing with her back towards it, looking outward upon the waters,

as if waiting for the coming of some one. The door of a second chamber stood partly open, and before her coming was perceived she had taken refuge in its darkness. Her heart wildly beating with a variety of sensations, in which fear and love were singularly blended, she stood breathless to listen. She heard the cord pass through the ring in the rock, as the boat, after grating its sides was secured ; she then heard steps traverse the terrace, mount the stairs, and presently beheld Marco Vitale enter the room in which was the light, and through which she had passed.

Seldom did a more repulsive apparition flash upon the eyes of mortal. He was reeking from the butchery of the Carmine; his hands, his garments, his clothes, his very face was blood-stained. He was agitated, and clasped convulsively a pike that had been snatched from the hand of some slaughtered Spaniard. His eye was wild

and fierce, and its glance shot wildly round the chamber, whose occupant had taken the lamp, and raising it above her head, placed herself opposite to him, busily examining his garments and his features. It seemed to enter slowly into her perception that the shining and wet blotches upon his clothes, the crimson stains upon his flesh, were blood! She passed her withered fingers across his sleeve, and inquired tremulously “What is this, child? Ha-ha!” she added, chuckling with a horrid and insane glee. “Is it blood! He was gentle and moon-faced as a young calf—did I not predict it? then it has come to this? when there are no more palaces to burn, there is life to rob.”

“Where is the maiden, mother?” inquired Vitale—“have you let her go hence? has any boat been hither since I quitted you?”

The aged crone again laughed mockingly;

"A dainty attire, truly," she exclaimed, "and an attractive figure to seek the presence of a young maiden! think you that blood smells as sweet in the nostrils of such as she is, as it does in mine?"

Vitale tossed from him with a shudder his bloody halberd, and raised his hands to the light, "Water, mother," he exclaimed, "bring me water for the love of heaven!" The aged woman took the light, and entered within the chamber in which Eleonora was standing, and whence she had witnessed the scene we have described. Terrified by the strange mystery that appeared to exist between them, and sickened by the aspect of Vitale, she had no power to move, and the crone, seemingly unaware of her presence, poured water into a basin, and again left the room. The water crimsoned as the hands of Vitale were plunged into it, and he turned his glance from it in disgust. The dialogue still continued, and though

the voice of Vitale was subdued, its tones did not escape the listener.

"Is this the blood of nobles?" inquired the hissing voice of the female—"or are you already falling, like starved wolves, upon each other?"

"It is the blood of Perrone and his robbers," replied Vitale, "shed upon the altar of the Carmine; they sold their faith to their old masters, and this has been the forfeit!"

"And the worst robber of them all," asked the old woman, "he who rifled the honour of a happy home—brought first shame, and then death, upon one not less innocent or fair than the silly bird you have entrapped hither—has *he* fallen? Nearly thirty years have gone by since I vowed over his victim's corpse to have his blood—to avenge her."

Vitale made her no reply, but gazed up into her countenance, as if unconscious of her meaning.

"Tiberio Caraffa! child," she replied fiercely; "Have you dreamed away life with so little purpose? Come hither, Marco, I have a secret for you, that may cure your love-sickness—listen!"

But Vitale pushed past her, and entered the inner chamber, "Eleonora," he said, "come hence, for my brow burns, and the air of this wretched place is too like that of the cavern I have left in Naples. The bland starlight, such as we were used to see it on the waters, shines over this poor roof, as over the dwellings of rich men. Come forth, and let us spend in the open air the few hours I can steal for happiness."

But Eleonora made him no reply. As he felt his way to her side, he perceived that her form trembled, and he wound his arm round her waist. She offered no resistance but followed him from the chamber, and the breath of the sea-breeze revived her. Love had triumphed over the timidity of her

character, over the contemplated scorn of all who had hitherto been dear to her, and it was now destined to triumph again. She felt that the vow she had made was irrevocable, and with the desperation which forms so peculiar a feature in the disposition of the timid, she shut out from her memory all that she had heard, seen, and foreboded, clung to his arm, and then with a sudden impulse threw herself upon his neck, and burst into a paroxysm of tears.

"I had chosen thee a rude and unfit companion, beloved one," he said, "but it is only for a few brief days; order is gradually entering into the changes to which I owe the happiness of thus pressing thee to the heart that for so many years had pined for thee. I will shortly lead thee hence into a world that shall honour thee as the wife of Marco Vitale."

"Lead me whither none shall know me, Marco!" she said. "I can love thee, serve

thee, live for thee, but let me not again meet  
the eyes of those who have known me."

"Be it so, timid one," he replied; "this  
home was mine in infancy, and the aged  
being who shares it with thee will be gentle  
with thee for my sake."

The first faint gleams of light that played  
over the wavy ridges of Soma and Vesuvius  
called away Vitale to the business of another  
day. For all the doubts that had embittered  
the past years of his existence, and the  
indignities to which his soaring spirit had  
submitted, the scene of that moment's parting  
might have repaid him.

## CHAPTER XVII.

IN the mean time the revolution of Massaniello proceeded. The dark perfidy in the church of the Carmine convinced him that much remained to be done, before the minds of the Viceroy and his party could be reduced to a consciousness of his power; and a fitting state of terror allow him to resume on fair terms a fresh treaty of pacification. To the hatred of the ancient tyranny was now superadded the thirst for a bloody vengeance; all further talk of charters and reconciliation was laid aside, and the popular

voice echoed in savage chorus the cry of their leader for blood. "Ammazza! Ammazza!" slay ! slay ! rung through every part of the city, and was borne through the inmost recesses of the residence of the Duke d' Arcos. This fierce cry announced to him the first tidings of the failure of the attempt of Perrone, and the fate of his laboured charter.

Two or three only of his splendid embassy had succeeded in finding their way back to the castle, and the tidings they brought were calculated to strike terror to his heart, however indifferent he might be to their individual fortunes. One of the earliest rumours that reached him was that the Cardinal, the Duke di Maddaloni, and his son, had been the first to perish. This was subsequently contradicted, but none of them returned. The few Spanish soldiers whom he had despatched to collect news had been massacred. He then felt that no hand

could arrest the first impulse of the popular fury; and that all that remained to him was to secure his own residence, and wait until time would admit the trial of some new artifice.

The approaches of the citadel were vigilantly guarded, and the world without was abandoned to its fate. And truly terrible that fate was! There was no street, no church, no hiding-place in Naples unumbered with corpses, unpolluted with blood. No semblance of law attended the execution of the brief orders of Massaniello; his followers were told to slay, and they set about it in their own swift and barbarous fashion. Troops were met in the more open spaces of the city, trailing through the mud the headless and naked bodies of the slaughtered soldiery, or dashing with mad speed in pursuit of some poor wretch who fled for his life. Others marched with a deliberate pace, howling their licentious and ribald triumph

up into the faces of the grim and gory heads which they bore aloft upon stakes. These various bands passed each other's course incessantly, and their salutation was invariably the brief mandate of Massaniello—to slay! There was no hope for those who fled, no mercy for those who were captured, no pity for those who were thus barbarously butchered.

But it was the market-place of the Carmine that presented the foulest aspect, for thitherward, from every street and square of Naples, rushed the ministers of revenge, with their horrid trophies. A brutal fancy for decorating with appropriate ornaments the tribune of their leader, the altar of popular vengeance, added fresh inducement to the quest of blood; every stake that formed the palisade about it bore each its head, to most of which was attached a cartel, with the name, purporting that it was the skull of a traitor to the people.

As if the popular rage required additional incitement to massacre, placarded rewards, varying in amount, were offered for the capture of such citizens or nobles as had become most obnoxious, and in all instances higher for a living captive than for a corpse. But remarkable above all these notices, for the name it bore, and the startling magnitude of the reward, was one on which was inscribed—

“ Oh ! bring me hither Tiberio Caraffa !  
He who brings him alive shall have eight  
thousand crowns—dead, four thousand !”

Beneath, on the surface of this sea of blood, there was an under current, flowing deeply, to which Genuino, the dark deity of that stygian region, gave direction with a method and regularity which threatened to perpetuate his reign of terror. Orders were conveyed to every one, whether citizen or noble, to send, for the service of the people, all arms or accoutrements they might pos-

sess, under pain of death. This mandate was rigidly enforced, though the answer too often transmitted by the owners of smoking palaces was, that their swords and their lives were all that was left them.

New companies were formed; new and more effective subdivisions were introduced into their militia. Requisitions followed for every horse and beast of burden to be given up, and an inconceivably short space of time saw the squares and streets crowded with cars converted into gun-carriages; preparations were making for forming regiments of horse; one hundred and fifty ensigns were added to those already enrolled; and some show of discipline began to be infused amongst them. Every house had to place lights at its windows from dusk to dawn, and a certain space about the centre of the city was entrenched and barricaded. All this showed an increase of knowledge of their position in

the leaders of the people, and of energy to meet their wants.

But not for a single hour did such cares divert the mind of Massaniello from the recollection of the treachery used against him, nor from the duties which his imagination figured to him as demanded by his faithful people. His character had assumed a sudden and fierce change. At first he had been remarkable for a fluent and winning eloquence, a mild and sunny aspect; and his delight was to take his post upon his rude tribune, to administer justice after a domestic and prompt fashion of his own; arbitrating in the petty concerns of litigious neighbours, solving with wonderful promptitude all cases brought before him, and soothing with the sprightly sallies of a wit, reared and polished in the market-place, the disappointment inevitable on such decisions. All this was now altered; a cloud rested on his open brow, a fire flashed from his eyes,

which made men tremble as they stood before him; his cheeks were becoming hollow, their colour was ghastly, and every limb had acquired a tremulous movement, from the excess and duration of his excitement. A foam often rested upon his lips, which were parched and split, for he never lay down to sleep, and it was rumoured that he refused food and drink from the fear of poison. He spoke little, and the tones alternated between sorrow and rage. What passed within the privacy of his own poor hovel none knew; but it was observed that he returned from it elevated in mien and spirit, with his brow milder, but never less determined.

The prayers and exertions of the cardinal had succeeded in restoring something of calm into the minds of the people and their leaders; messages were borne from the viceroy to the cottage of Massaniello; professions of all courtly sentiments were transmitted, through various avenues, to the ears of all

who were supposed to have influence with him; and the result of all this manœuvring was the re-opening at last of a treaty of pacification. Massaniello, or rather Genuino, was invited to draw up his own terms, for the Duke d' Arcos was willing to purchase the peace of the faithful people at any cost.

Articles of agreement were accordingly prepared and sent to the viceroy. The bearer, a certain Giuseppe Fattoruso, described as a plebeian in heart and manner, was received with all the courtesy of which the Duke d' Arcos was preeminently master. The collateral council was assembled to meet him; and in the presence of this august audience, the deputy of the people proceeded to read aloud the demands of his party. As long as these demands were confined to the abolition of taxes, he was listened to in respectful silence; no objection was offered; but when the document

claimed an equal number of votes in the Sedile for the people as for the nobles, one of that arrogant order broke abruptly on the lecture, and exclaimed impatiently that such demand was unreasonable and insolent. The reader paused, and for some moments his astonishment prevented his utterance; when he did reply, the only words he uttered were,

“ My lord, so has Massaniello willed it !”

“ It is well,” was the instant and courtly reply of the viceroy; “ be the pleasure of Massaniello followed to the very letter.”

No further interruption was offered, the document was read to its close, signed, and borne back to the people. The whole populace was again summoned, by beat of drum, to repair to the church of the Carmine, to receive this charter of liberties that were to be sacred for ever. Massaniello once more trod the pavement of that church, whence the corpses of those who had but

a few hours before attempted his assassination had been removed, though the stain of their blood was recent over every stone beneath his feet. The good friars, indefatigable in their arrangements for a festival, had again arrayed their church in all the finery of tapestry and mirrors; they had erected by the side of the altar a gorgeous canopy for the cardinal; and when the last of a thousand torches had been lighted, and every bell of the convent gave out its joyous peal, the doors were thrown open, and the populace was admitted.

Massaniello took his place again at the right hand of the cardinal. He had not yet made any change in his garments; they were the same in which he had led the people in their first outbreak—in which he gave audience to the various emissaries of the viceroy—in which from his tribune he administered justice. Genuino was as heretofore at his side, and the chief part of that

day's display was apportioned to him. A public notary ascended the pulpit, and read out to the public, article by article, the compact which had been dictated to the viceroy. When this was finished he descended, and his place was taken by Genuino.

"This charter," he exclaimed, "has been the desire of the people from the days of the Duke d' Ossuna until now; it has been kept from us; but at last have God and our Lady of the Carmine conceded it to us; let us therefore with one voice sing their praises!"

He then drew near to the side of Massaniello, and the organ thundered out the Te Deum. Never was this triumphant hymn chorussed by voices similarly attuned to exultation! The cardinal threw himself on his knees at the altar, and when the last notes of this sacred music had ceased,

he arose, and opening wide his arms, bestowed his benediction upon the assembled multitudes. He then turned to the young champion of the great cause that had triumphed, and after gazing for a moment on his pallid and worn features, the tears stood in his eyes.

“Now go home to your dwelling, my son,” he said, “your mission has had its fruits. Surely the good faith of the Duke d’ Arcos may be relied upon. Your friends inform me that, for these last five days, you have taken neither food nor rest, and your features too truly confirm this rumour. Such power as yours, my young friend, is dearly purchased. But think not so badly of the faith of christian gentlemen as to suppose they would thus foully steal away your life. Send hither your food if you still distrust them; my own mediciners shall taste it; I will myself bless it: but go in God’s name

and seek refreshment; the agitation in your frame is a deadlier poison than any that can be drained from drugs."

Massaniello remained for some moments without replying, and then answered sorrowfully, "I will seek my poor home, my lord, for the cause of my people has triumphed. Whether the cunning of the Duke d' Arcos will avail against my life or not, is now matter of less moment, and I will take food. Not that I have the more confidence in the nobles, for I know them well; but for the sake of the kind words your lips have uttered."

" You have an arduous duty yet before you, Massaniello," replied the cardinal, impressively; " you have conducted this people through an ordeal of terror, setting aside, by God's permission, the authority of those whom God appointed over them. You have now to lead them back to a docile submission to peaceful laws, and rightful autho-

rity. If you fail in this, you will have been but an instrument of Heaven's vengeance in scourging this people, and your name will go down to posterity execrated by all good men. My aid shall not fail you ; seek me again at sunrise, and in the meantime I will pledge fame and character for your safety ; but you need rest, and food, and calm."

" I do need them all, my father," replied Massaniello, " and I shall never know them more in this world. You see my face pinched, my eyes wild, my limbs tremble ; but you do not see how my brain burns and staggers, nor how my heart beats and bounds as if it would burst from my bosom, and then how suddenly still and dead it feels within me. You see not, as I see, how the eyes of all men glare upon me, how evil spirits follow me and mock me, how they pry upon me through the eyes of my associates and friends."

" I see not all this, my young friend," re-

plied the cardinal, " but I can see clearly into the suffering mind where these gloomy imaginings have their birth. Remember that you have scarcely outnumbered the years of boyhood, and the pursuits in which you are now engaged demand energies of mind and body which are sought for, not in individuals, but in the assemblies of sages and councillors. You have placed on your own shoulders the burdens usually apportioned amongst the elders of a whole people; I wonder not that the load weighs heavily on mind and body. But such as it is you must bear it till your ministry closes!"

" With the help of our Lady of the Carmine, I will bear it, Eminenza," replied the youth. " I will not be found sleeping or feasting, when my people want me. Give me your blessing once again, holy father, and I will go hence to my home."

The heart of the cardinal was touched;

the secret of the mind which a few words had thus laid bare before his eyes, involved a dark prospect for the fortunes of a whole people. He gazed after the retreating form of the young fisherman as he quitted the church, and then hastened to send a messenger to the Duke d' Arcos.

**END OF VOL. II.**



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